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SELECTED POETRY.

MISANTHROPIC HOURS.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

I sometimes feel as I could blot
All traces of mankind from earth,
As if 'twere wrong to blast them not,
They so disgrace, so shame their birth.
I think that earth should be so fair,
So beautiful and bright a thing,
That nature should come forth and wear
Such glorious apparelling;
That sky, sea, air, should live and glow
With love, and light, and holiness;
And yet men never feel or know
How much a God of love can bless,
Nor deep their debt of thankfulness;
I've seen the sun go down, and light
The floods of gold poured o'er the sky,
When every thing around was bright,
And every pulse was beating high,
And the full soul was gushing love,
And longing for its home above;
And then, that man should soar if ever,
To the high home of thought and soul,
And life's degrading tie should sever,
And the free spirit spurn control;
I have seen—O! how my cheek
Is burning with the shame I feel,
The truth is in the words I speak.
I've seen my fellow creatures steal
Away to their unhallowed mirth,
To the revelries of earth
And all that they could feel or share,
The glorious heaven was scarcely worth
A passing notice, or their care.
They said I was a worshipper at woman's shrine,
And even there I've found unworthiness of thought!
When I dreamed I just had caught
The radiance of that holy light
Which makes earth beautiful and bright,
When eyes of fire their flashes sent,
And rosy lips spoke eloquent.
And how I've turn'd, and wept to find,
Beneath it all a trifling mind.
I was in one of those high halls
Where genius breathes in sculptured stone,
And shaded light in softness falls
On pencilled beauty. They were gone
Those hearts of fire and hands of skill,
That wrought such power, but they spoke
To me in every feature still,
And fresh lips breathed, and dark eyes woke,
And crimsoned cheeks flushed glowingly
With life and motion. I had knelt
With Mary, at the tree
Where Jesus suffered, I had felt
The warm blood rushing to my brow,
At the stern buffet of the Jew.
And seen the son of glory bow,
And die for one he never knew,
And I had wept——,
And thought that all must feel like me;
And when there came a stranger bright and beautiful,
With lips of love, and eyes of flame,
And tone, and look, most sweetly blent
To make her presence eloquent.
When I look'd for tears—
She stood before the scene on Calvary;
Saw the piercing spear, the blood,
The gall, the writhe of agony;
Saw his quivering lips in prayer,
'Father, forgive them'—all were there;
And turned in bitterness of soul,
And spake of Jesus. I had thought
Her feelings would refuse control;
Her woman's heart I knew was fraught
With gushing sympathies.
She gazed a moment on in carelessness,
Then coldly curled her lip,
And praised the high priest's garment. Could it be,
Our Lord, that smile was meant for thee?
And what is woman—what her smile—
Her looks of love—her eyes of light—
What is she, if her lips revile
The lovely Jesus. Love may write
His name upon her marble brow,
And linger in her curls of jet—
The light spring flower may scarcely bow
Beneath her feet—and yet, and yet,
Without that meeker grace, she'll be
A lighter thing than Vanity.

THE GOSPEL.

BY MRS SIGOURNEY.

Night wraps the realm where Jesus woke,—
No guiding star the Magi see,
And heavy hangs Oppression's yoke,
Where *first* the Gospel said '*be free.*'

And where the harps of angels bore
High message to the shepherd throng,
Good will and peace' are heard no more
To murmur Bethlehem's vales along.

Swarth India, with her idol train,
Bends low, by Ganges' worshipped tide,
Or drowns the Suttee's shriek of pain,
With thundering gong and pagan pride.

On Persia's hills the Sophis grope,
Dark Burmah greets Salvation's ray,
E'en jealous China's door of hope
Unbars to give the gospel way.

Old Ocean, with his isles, awakes,—
Cold Greenland feels mysterious flame,
And humbled Afric wondering takes
On her sad lips a Savior's name.

Their steps the forest children stay,
Bound to Oblivion's voiceless shore,
And lift their red brows to the day,
Which from the opening skies doth pour.

Aid with prayer that holy light
Which from eternal death can save,
And bid Christ's herals speed their flight,
Ere millions find a hopeless grave.

Still in the forming hour of youth,
Combine with Education's sway
Those seeds of heaven-implanted truth,
Whose fruit can never know decay.

Kneel while unsullied joy doth glow
Resplendent on the blooming cheek,
And for the climes of heathen wo,
A blest Redeemer's pity seek.

Blent sweetly with the classic page
The love of Heaven, sublime and fair:
So beauty's brow when dimmed with age,
The lustre of the soul shall wear.

[From the Metropolitan Magazine.]

SONG OF THE WATER DRINKER.

Oh! water for me! Bright water for me!
And wine for the tremulous debauchee!
It cooleth the brow, it cooleth the brain,
It maketh the faint one strong again;
It comes o'er the sense like a breeze from the sea,
All freshness, like infant purity.
Oh! water, bright water, for me, for me!
Give wine, give wine, to the debauchee!

Fill to the brim! Fill, fill to the brim!
Let the flowing christal kiss the rim!
For my hand is steady, my eye is true,
For I, like the flowers, drink nought but dew,
Oh! water, bright water's a mine of wealth,
And the ores it yieldeth are vigor and health,
So water, pure water, for me, for me!
And wine for the tremulous debauchee!

Fill again to the brim! again to the brim!
For water strengtheneth life and limb;
To the days of the aged it addeth length,
To the might of the strong it addeth strength,
It freshens the heart, it brightens the sight,
'Tis like quaffing a goblet of morning light.
So, water, I will drink nought but thee,
Thou parent of health and energy!

When o'er the hills, like a gladsome bride,
Morning walks forth in her beauty's pride,
And, leading a band of laughing hours,
Brushes the dew from the morning flowers!
Oh! cheerily then my voice is heard,
Mingling with that of the soaring bird,
Who flingeth abroad his matins loud,
As he freshens his wing in the cold grey cloud.

But when evening has quitted her sheltering yew,
Drowsily flying and weaving anew
Her dusky meshes o'er land and sea—
How gently, O sleep, fall thy poppies on me!
For I drink water, pure, cold and bright,
And my dreams are of heaven the livelong night;
So, hurrah for thee, water! hurrah, hurrah!
Thou art silver and gold, thou art riband and star!
Hurrah for bright water! Hurrah! hurrah!

SELECTED TALES.

[From the Portland Magazine.]

THE JOCKEY CAP.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

ALL who have taken Fryeburg on their way from Portland to the White Mountains, are acquainted with the location of our story, though at the time of its commencement that beautiful village was far from presenting the cheerful aspect which delights the traveller of the present day. Then, a pine forest waved its close branches over the plain where the academy now stands, a memento of the great statesman who took the first step of his splendid career in its walls. The Saco river, which now winds its thousand intricacies amid green pasture lands and luxuriant meadows, then threaded the wilderness and glided on, in the shadow of trees that had battled with the storms of centuries unscathed by the settler's axe. The rich and highly cultivated intervals, stretching from beyond the village, almost to the brink of Lovell's Pond, were then one dense wilderness, peopled by the wild beasts of the forest; while the near hills, and more distant White Mountains, which give a picturesque variety to the scene, were but another wild feature in the gloomy but magnificent landscape; the first, frowning with their bleak crags over the timber land spreading away from their feet; the other, looming darkened against the sky, looking gloomy and terrible, as if they formed the outposts of the universe. Of all the cultivated acres which at the present day sustain thousands with their produce, one patch of clearing only existed. It lay in the very heart of what now constitutes the village.—Here a few emigrants from the Bay State and from the mouth of the Saco, composing in all about thirty persons, had located themselves. A cluster of log houses had been erected, and the land, just disencumbered of its timber and dotted with blackened stumps, was burthened with its first growth of Indian corn, which shot up to an uncommon height for the season, so rich was the newly broken alluvial.

Though in the neighborhood of a savage tribe of Indians, the settlers had remained undisturbed in their humble occupation until security made them confident; but on the first winter after their emigration, hostilities had broken out with various tribes, and the colonial government injudiciously set a price on the heads of the savages, much at the same rate and on the same principle, that our State legislature offers premiums for wolves and crows. By making the Indian scalp a matter of traffic, hunting parties were formed from the more populous provinces, and they returned from the woods equally well pleased with the carcass of a fat stag, a racoon, or the scalp of an Indian, as the first two provided viands for their tables, and last put money in their purses. How far this traffic in human life comported with the strict creed of our christian forefathers, we will not stop to inquire; certain we are, that the hostilities thus provoked operated very unfavorably with the little colony of which we write.

It was early in May about a year after the first settlement of the emigrants, when some six or eight of the stoutest men started for the woods in search of game. A bear had been seen on the brink of the clearing at the break of day, and while the greater number struck off in the direction of Stark's Hill, in search of more humble game, three of the most resolute followed his trail, which led to the west, and was most likely to terminate about the Kearsarge mountain, a tall, twin-like hill, whose bald head was deluged by the golden sun-light, as it broke over and scattered its refulgence upon the dense foliage, clothing it sides and sweeping off to the brink of the Saco.

The foremost of the three hunters was an Englishman of about forty, habited in a thread-bare suit of blue broadcloth, with drab gaiters buttoned up to his knees, and a hat sadly shorn of its original nap. His hunting apparatus bespoke the peculiar care which all of his country so abundantly bestow on their implements of sport. The barrel of his long inlaid gun was polished to a dazzling brightness, as was the powder flask of embossed copper, and the brass mountings of the shot bag which was slung across his breast. The other two were much younger, and dressed in coarse home-made cloth, over which were loose frocks manufactured from refuse flax or swingled tow. Both were handsome, but different in the cast of their features.—The character of the first might be read in his gay air and springy step as he followed close to the Englishman, dashing away the brushwood with the muzzle of his gun, and detecting with a quick eye the broken twigs, or disturbed leaves, which betrayed the course of the hunted bear. There was also something characteristic in the wearing of his dress, in the foxskin cap thrown carelessly on one side of his superb head, exposing a mass of short brown curls around the left ear and temple, and the bosom of his coarse frock thrown open so as to give free motion to a neck Apollo might have coveted. He was a New Hampshire hunter, who had occasionally visited the settlement of late, but spent whole weeks in the woods professedly in collecting furs by his own efforts, or by purchase from the tribe of Indians encamped near Lovell's, or as it was then called, Saco Pond.

The last was more sedate in his looks, and less buoyant in his air. There was an intellectual expression in his high thoughtful brow, embrowned thought it was by exposure. A depth of thought in his serious eye, and a graceful dignity of his carriage, which bespoke him as one of those who hide deep feeling under an appearance of coldness and apathy. He had been a school master in the Bay State, from whence he had been drawn by the bright eyes and merry laugh of one Martha Allen, a maiden of seventeen, whose father had moved to the settlement of the Seven Lots—for that was the early name of what now is Fryeburg village—the preceding summer, and to whom, report said, he was to be married whenever a minister, authorized to perform the ceremony, should find his way to the settlement.

The hunters reached the base of the Kearsarge without encountering the particular animal they sought, though signs of his progress were clearly visible, in their progress. They had proceeded some distance up the ascent, when the Englishman espied Bruin making the best of his way to a cave, formed by the meeting of two huge rocks just above him.

'There he is—there he goes,—come on my lads!'—shouted the hardy sportsman, rushing up the ascent till he reached the very mouth of the cave where the monster stood at bay, uttering a succession of low, threatening growls, while his savage eyes glared like coals of fire amid the surrounding darkness.

Too much excited to observe that his companions had lagged behind and were not within earshot, the venturous Englishman leveled his gun and fired, but without his usually sure aim. The bear rushed out with a howl of pain, and would have seized his opponent had he not leaped suddenly on one side. The enraged animal turned fiercely, and before the hunter could put himself on the defensive, seized him by the leg and sunk his teeth deep into the flesh.

'Ho!—Bill Church—Jones—lads, I say come on—the brute will eat me alive!' shouted the struggling man, belaboring his enemy with the butt end of his gun.

The contest became serious, for the exasperated animal, smarting with his wound and enraged by the blows rained over his hide, tore his tusks from their gripe, and rising furiously on his hind legs was about to indulge in one of those animal hugs which certainly must be more energetic in the giver than pleasant to the receiver; but the hunter had no relish for so close an intimacy. Bracing his feet firmly against a fragment of a rock and putting forth his great strength, he seized his antagonist by the throat, and throwing the whole weight of his body forward, forced him to the ground. The struggle for a few moments was desperate, but the hunter kept his hold on the throat of the furious animal, and, planting his knee upon his body, shouted lustily for help. None came.

'The cowards!' he exclaimed, grinding his teeth with impatience, while the perspiration sprung from every pore in his body, so violent had been the contest. 'The cowards! would they see me torn to pieces before their eyes?'

The bear made another desperate effort and nearly shook off the hold of his victor, who recovered himself, pressed his knee down still harder, and griping the wind pipe with the fingers of his left hand, searched with his right for the large knife he usually wore about him. Opening it with his teeth, he placed the sharp point above the heaving heart of the bear, and drove the blade slowly down till nothing but the tip of its buck horn handle could be seen above the long black fur. The dying animal made an agonizing effort which threw the hunter from his body, gave one spring and fell forward, with the blood streaming from his breast and his frame shivering in its death throe.

Meanwhile the two young men had not been idle. After reaching the foot of the Kearsarge they had lost sight of the Englishman in his eager chase after the bear, though they followed his track up to the ascent. They had wandered a little from the right direction when a bald eagle rose among the trees and sailed heavily across their path. Church fired at it, but missed his aim. Hastily reloading his gun he darted away to secure a better shot; but the bird flew on, luring him from his companions, till Jones was left entirely alone. As he stood listening for some signal that might lead to the Englishman, the breaking of a dry stick in the vicinity attracted his attention, and turning hastily he saw the half naked form of an Indian leaning from behind a tree, not ten paces from where he stood, with his gun leveled as if about to shoot him down. With a sudden impulse Jones sprang on one side, and probably saved his life by the action, for that instant a bullet whistled by his head, absolutely making a passage through the locks of black hair clustering about his temples. With the quickness of thought the young man raised his gun and returned the fire. His aim was fatal, the bullet penetrated the tattooed chest of the savage, who uttered a fierce yell, bounded to an astonishing height into the air, spun round once or twice and fell down dead.

Trembling with excitement the young man reloaded his gun and stood ready to sell his life as dearly as possible, for he doubted not that the trees around were peopled with savages thirsting for blood. But he remained undisturbed, laboring under a strange and terrible sensation, for he had shed human blood for the first time. He approached the body, and taking out his knife cut a tuft of long black hair with the skin attached to the crown of the head. He had scarcely secured his trophy when the sound of a gun informed him of the position of at least one of his companions, and he arrived at the cave just as the Englisman had succeeded in his victory over the bear.

'So you have come in time to claim a share of the meat,' said the old hunter, sarcastically. 'Where is Bill Church?—he can come out of his skulking place in the bushes, the danger is over;—bless me, lad!' he continued, starting back in astonishment as he saw the scalp in the young man's hand, 'what have you got there?'

Jones related his rencounter with the Indian. The Englishman shook his head forebodingly. 'We shall have hot work for this job before the week is over,' he said;—'come hither,' and leaving the carcass of the bear he led the way to the brow of the hill, which commanded a view of the adjacent country for many miles around, 'look toward the Jockey Cap,' he said pointing to the southeast, where a small cone-like hill rose from the borders of a beautiful pond, which lay like a sheet of quivering silver, deep in the heart of the wilderness; 'do you see those specks on the water?—they are Indian canoes, and half a tribe of copper colored rascals are swarming round the foot of that hill like bees in a hive—we may expect to feel their sting, unless we can conceal the corpse you have just made—it was a foolish shot, but keep up a good heart, my lad, for hang me if I should not have done just the same thing if the red dog had sent a bullet so near my head,—come we will go and bury the fellow the best way we can.'

They descended to the spot where Jones had left the dead savage, but they found nothing but a pool of blood and a few locks of coarse hair; the Indian and his rifle had disappeared—how, it was useless to conjecture.—The two hunters fired their guns as a signal to Church, and taking the carcass of the bear between them, made the best of their way to the settlement.

One of the small log houses in the neighborhood had been appropriated as a kind of tavern, or place of rendezvous for the men when they returned from their hunting excursions. There a small store of spirits was kept up under the superintendence of John Allen, a widower, and pretty Martha Allen, his daughter, the maiden before mentioned. As the sun went down, the men, who had gone to the woods in the morning, collected with their game. Two stags, three or four racooons, with meaner animals in abundance, were lying before the door, when the Englishman and Jones appeared with the carcass of the slain bear. They were greeted by a hearty shout, and the hunters crowded eagerly round to examine their prize; but when Jones cast the Indian's scalp on the pile of game, there was a general consternation. The settlers looked in each other's faces with ominous silence, while the young hunter stood pale and collected as if prepared for their reproaches.—It was the first time that Indian life had been taken by one of their number, and they felt that, with this spilling of red blood, the barriers of their protection were broken down.

'It is a bad business,' said one of the settlers, shaking his head and breaking the general silence—'there'll be no clear hunting in the woods after this—but how did it all come about, Arthur Jones!—you ain't the man to risk thirty lives for the mean premium that's brought the Hampshere fellers over to hunt the Ingins, as if the poor savage critters was beggars or coons!—more shame to government for paying for such rascally business, I say!—but come, Jones, let us know how you came by that are scalp—did the varmint fire at you, or how was it?'

The hunters gathered round Jones, who was about to account for his possession of the scalp, when the door of the house was opened, and he happened to look into the little room thus exposed. It was scantily furnished with a few benches and stools—a bed was in one corner, and Martha Allen his promised wife, stood by a rough deal table, on which were two or three tin drinking cups, a couple of half empty bottles, with a pitcher of water, backed by a broken mug, filled to the fractured top with maple molasses. Nothing of the kind could have been more beautiful than pretty Martha Allen as she bent forward, listening with wrapt attention to the animated whisper of William Church, who stood by her, divested of his coarse frock, his cap lying on the table before him, and his athletic figure displayed to the best advantage by the round-about buttoned closely over his bosom. A red silk handkerchief, tied like a scarf round his waist, gave a picturesque gracefulness to his costume altogether in harmony with his fine proportions and the bold cast of his head, which certainly was a model of masculine beauty.

A flash of anger shot athwart Arthur Jones's forehead, and a strange, jealous feeling came to his heart. He began a confused account of his adventure, but the Englishman interrupted him, and took it upon himself to satisfy the clamorous curiosity of the hunters, leaving Jones at liberty to scrutinize each look and motion of his lady-love. He watched with a jealous feeling the blush as it deepened and glowed on her embrowned cheek,—he saw the sparkling pleasure in her hazel eyes, and the pretty dimples gathering about her red lips, like spots of sun-light flickering through a thicket of roses, and his heart sickened with distrust.—But when the handsome hunter laid his hand on hers, and bent his head till the short curls on his temples almost mingled with her glossy ringlets, the lover could bear it no longer. Breaking from the little band of hunters he stalked majestically into the house, and approaching the object of his uneasines, exclaimed, 'Martha Allen!' in a voice which caused the pretty culprit to snatch her hand from under the hunter's, and to overturn two empty tin cups in her fright.

'Sir,' said Martha, recovering herself and casting a mischievous glance at Church, which was reciprocated with interest.

Mr Arthur Jones felt that he was making himself ridiculous, so suppressing his wrath he finished his magnificent commencement with,—'Will you give me a drink of water?' at which Martha pointed her little embrowned hand to the pitcher, saying, 'There it is,' then turning her back on her lover she cast another arch glance at Church, and taking his cap from the table, began to blow up the yellow fur, and put it on her cheek as if it had been a pet kitten she was caressing, and all for the laudable purpose of tormenting the man who loved her, and whom she loved better than any thing in existence. Jones turned to her a bitter, contemptuous look, and raising the pitcher to his lips, left the room. In a few minutes the other hunters entered, and Jason Allen, father to Martha, announced it as decided by the hunters, who had been holding a kind of a council without, that Arthur Jones and William Church, as the two youngest members of the community, should be despatched to the nearest settlement to request aid to protect their settlement from the Indians, whose immediate attack they had good reason to fear.

Martha, on hearing the names of the emissaries mentioned, dropped the cup she had been filling.

'Oh, not him—not them, I mean—they will be overtaken and tomahawked on their way?' she exclaimed, turning to her father with a look of affright.

'Let Mr. Church remain,' said Jones advancing to the table, 'I will undertake the mission alone.'

Tears came into Martha's eyes, and she turned them reproachfully to her lover; but full of his heroic resolution to be tomahawked and comfortably scalped on his own responsibility, he turned majestically away, without deigning to meet the tearful glance which was well calculated to mitigate his jealous wrath.

Church on being applied to, requested permission to defer his answer till the morning, and the hunters left the house to divide the game, which had been forgotten to the general excitement.

Church, who had lingered till the last, took up his cap and whispering a good night to Martha, left the house. She, poor girl, scarcely heeded his departure. Her eyes filled with tears, and seating herself on a settle which ran along one end of the room, she folded her arms on the board which served as a back, and burying her face upon them, wept silently. As she remained in this position she heard a familiar step on the floor. Her heart beat quick, fluttered a moment, and then settled to its regular pulsations again, for her lover had seated himself beside her. Martha wiped the tears from her eyes, and remained quiet, for she knew that her lover had returned, and with that knowledge, the spirit of coquetry had revived, and when her lover, softened by her apparent sorrow, for he had seen her parting with Church—put his hand softly under her forehead and raised her face, the creature was laughing—laughing at his folly as he thought.

'Martha, you are doing wrong—wrong to yourself and me,' said the disappointed lover, rising indignantly and taking his hat, with which he advanced toward the door.

'Don't go,' said Martha turning her head till one cheek only rested on her arm, and casting a glance, half repentant, half comic, on her retreating lover—'dont go off so—if you do, you'll be sorry for it.

Jones hesitated—she became serious—the tears sprang to her eyes, and she looked exceedingly penitent. He returned to her side. Had he appealed to her feelings then—had he spoken of the pain she had given him in her encouragement of another, we who profess to know the character of our heroine dare to affirm, that she would have acknowledged her fault with proper humility; but he did no such thing—he was a common-sense man, and he resolved to end his first love-quarrel in a common-sense manner, as if common sense ever had any thing to do with lovers' quarrels. 'I will reason with her,' he thought—"He will say that I have made him very wretched, and I will tell him I am very sorry,' she thought.

'Martha,' he said very deliberately, "why do I find you on terms of such familiarity with this New Hampshire fellow?'

Martha was disappointed. He spoke quite too calmly, and there was a sarcastic emphasis on the word fellow, that roused her pride. The lips, which had just begun to quiver with repentance, worked themselves into a pouting fullness, till they resembled the crimson rose-bud just as it burst its leaves. Her rounded shoulder was turned pettishly toward her lover with the air of a spoiled child, and she replied, that 'He was always finding fault.'

Jones took her hand, and proceeded in his sensible manner to convince her that she was wrong—had acted wildly, foolishly, and with a careless disregard to her own happiness.

As might be expected, the beautiful rustic snatched her hand away, turned her shoulder more decidedly on her lover, and bursting into tears, declared that she would thank him if he would stop scolding, and that she did not care if she never set eyes on him again.

He would have remonstrated.

'Do listen to common-sense,' he said, extending his hand to retake hers.

'I hate common-sense,' she exclaimed, dashing away his hand, 'I wont have any more of your lecturing—leave the house and never speak to me again as long as you live.'

Mr. Arthur Jones took up his hat—placed it deliberately on his head, and walked out of the house.—With a heavy heart Martha watched his slender form till it disappeared in the darkness, and then stole away to her bed in the garret.

'He will call in the morning before he starts—he wont have the heart to go without saying one word—I am sure he wont,' she repeated to herself over and over again, as she lay sobbing, and weeping penitent tears on her humble pillow that night.

When William Church left the log-tavern, he struck into the woods and took his course toward Saco Pond. There was a moon, but the sky was clouded, and the little light which struggled to the earth was too faint to penetrate the thick foliage of the wilderness. Church must have been familiar with the track, for he found his way without difficulty through the darkness, and never stopped till he came out on the northern brink of the Pond. He looked anxiously over the face of the little lake.

The fitful moon had broken from a cloud and was touching the tiny waves with beauty, while the smooth sanded beach glittered on its borders like a frame work of silver. No speck was on its bosom—no sound was abroad, save the evening breeze, as it rippled the waters and made a sweet whispering melody in the tree-tops.

Suddenly a light, as if from a pine torch, was seen on a point of land jutting out from the opposite shore. Another, and another flashed out, each bearing to a particular direction, and then a pyramid of flame rose high and bright, illuminating the whole point, and shooting its fiery reflection like a meteor almost across the bosom of the water.

'Yes, they are preparing for work,' muttering Church as he saw a crowd of painted warriors range themselves around the camp-fire, each with his fire-lock in his hand. There was a general movement. Dark faces flittered in quick succession between him and the blaze, as the warriors performed the heavy march or war dance, which usually precedes the going out of a hostile party.

Church left the shore, and striking off in an oblique direction, arrived, after a half hour of quick walking, at the base of Jockey Cap, which rose like a gigantic sugar loaf a little back from the borders of the pond.—The Indian encampment was at its base. Church threaded his way through the cluster of bark wigwams, till he came to one standing on the very base of the hill. It was of logs, and erected with a regard to comfort, which the others wanted. The young hunter drew aside the skin which hung over the entrance and looked in. A young Indian girl was sitting on a pile of furs at the opposite extremity. She wore no paint—her cheek was round and smooth, while large hazel-like eyes gave a soft brilliancy to her countenance, which is as beautiful as it is uncommon. Her dress was a robe of dark chintz, open at the throat and confined at the waist by a narrow belt of wampum, which, with the bead bracelets on her naked arms, and the embroidered moccasins laced over her feet, was the only Indian ornament about her. Even her hair, which all of her tribe wore laden with ornaments and hanging down the back, was braided and wreathed in raven bands over her smooth forehead. An infant, nearly naked, was lying in her lap, throwing his unfettered limbs about, and lifting his little hands to his mother's mouth as she rocked back and forth on her seat of skins, chanting in a sweet mellow voice the burthen of an Indian lullaby. As the form of the hunter darkened the entrance, the Indian girl started up with a look of affectionate joy; and laying her child on the pile of skins advanced to meet him.

'Why did the white man leave his woman so many nights?' she said in broken English, hanging fondly about him—'the boy and his mother have listened long for the sound of his moccasins.'

Church bent his arm round the slender waist of his Indian wife, and drawing her to him bent his cheek to hers, as if that slight caress was sufficient answer to her gentle greeting, and so it was; her untutored heart, rich in its natural affections, had no aim, had no object but what entered into the love she bore her white husband. The feelings, which in civilized life are scattered over a thousand objects, were, in her bosom, centered on one single being; he supplied to her the place of all the high aspiration—of all the passions and sentiments which are fostered into strength by society—and as her husband bowed his head to hers, the blood darkened her cheek, and her large liquid eyes were flooded with delight.

'And what has Malaeska been doing since the boy's father went to the wood?' inquired Church, as she drew him to the couch where her child was lying, half buried in the rich fur.

'Malaeska has been alone in the wigwam, watching the shadow of the big pine—when her heart grew sick she looked in the boy's eyes and was glad,' replied the Indian mother, laying the infant in its father's arms.

Church kissed the child, whose eyes certainly bore a striking resemblance to his own; and parting the straight black hair from a forehead which scarcely bore a tinge of its mother's blood, muttered—

'It's a pity the little fellow is not all white.'

The Indian mother took the child and with a look of proud anguish laid her finger on its cheek, which was rosy with English blood.

'Malaeska's father is a great chief—the boy will be a chief in her father's tribe, but Malaeska never thinks of that when she sees the white man's blood come into the boy's face,' she said, turning sorrowfully to her seat again.

'He will make a brave chief,' said Church, anxious to soften the effects of his inadvertant speech, 'but tell me, Malaeska, why have the warriors kindled the council fire?—I saw it blaze by the pond as I came by.'

Malaeska, could only inform him that the body of a dead Indian had been brought to the encampment about dusk, and that it was supposed he had been shot by some of the whites from the Seven Lot Settlement. She said that the chief had immediately called a council, to deliberate on the best means of revenging their brother's death.

Church had feared this movement in the savages, and it was to mitigate their wrath that he sought the encampment at so late an hour. He had married the daughter of Paugus, their chief, and consequently, was a man of considerable importance in the tribe. But he felt that his utmost exertion might fail to draw them from their meditated vengeance, now that one of their number had been slain by the whites. Feeling the necessity for his immediate presence at the council, he left the wigwam and proceeded in a brisk walk to the brink of the pond. He came out of the thick forest which fringed it a little above the point on which the Indians were collected. Their dance was over, and from the few gutteral tones which reached him, Church knew they were planning the death of some particular individual, which was probably to precede their attack on the settlement. The council fire stil streamed high in the air, reddening the waters and lighting up the trees in the foreground with a beautiful effect, while the white sandy point seemed a pavement of golden pebbles, so brillant was the reflection cast over it, and so distinctly did it display the painted forms of the savages as they sat in a circle round the blaze, each with his weapon lying idly by his side. The light lay full on the glittering wampum and feathery crest of one who was addressing them with more energy than is common in the Indian warrior.

Church was too far off to collect a distinct hearing of the chief's discourse, but with a feeling of perfect security, he left the deep shadow in which he stood and approached the council fire. As the light fell upon him the Indians leaped to their feet and a savage yell rent the air, as if a company of fiends had been disturbed in their orgies. Again and again, was the fierce cry reiterated, till the woods resounded with the wild echo thus rudely summoned from their caves. As the young hunter stood lost in astonishment at the strange commotion, he was seized by two of the savages and dragged before Paugus, their chief, while the group around eagerly demanded vengeance, quick and terrible, for the death of their brother. The truth flashed across the hunter's mind—it was his death they had been planning—it was him they supposed to be the slayer of the Indian. He remonstrated, and declared himself guiltless of the red man's death. It was in vain. He had been seen on the spot by one of the tribe, not five minutes before the dead body of the Indian was found. Almost in despair the hunter turned to the chief.

'Am I not your son—the father of a young cheif—one of your tribe?' he said, with appealing energy.

The saturnine face of the chief never changed, as he answered in his own language, 'Paugus has taken a rattle-snake to warm in his wigwam—the warriors shall crush his head!' and with a fierce grin he pointed to the pile of resinous wood which the savages were heaping on the council fire.

Church looked round on the group preparing for his destruction. Every dusky face was lighted up with a demoniac thirst for blood, the hot flames quivered into the air, their gorgeous tints amalgamating and shooting upwards like a spire of living rainbows, while a thousand fiery tongues, hissing and darting onwards like vipers eager for their prey, licked the fresh pine knots heaped for his death pyre—it was a fearful sight, and the heart of the brave hunter quailed within him as he looked. With another wild whoop, the Indians seized their victim and were about to strip him for the sacrifice. In their blind fury, they tore him from the grasp of those who held him, and were too intent on divesting him of his clothes to remark that his limbs were free. But he was not so forgetful. Collecting his strength for a last effort, he struck the nearest savage a blow in the chest, which sent him reeling among his fellows, then taking advantage of the confusion, he tore off his cap, and springing forward with the bound of an uncaged tiger, plunged into the lake. The next instant a shout rent the air, and a score of dark heads dotted the water in pursuit. Fortunately a cloud was over the moon, and the fugitive remained under water till he reached the shadow thrown by the thickly wooded bank; when, rising for a moment, he supported himself and hurled his cap out toward the centre of the pond. The ruse succeeded for the moon came out at the instant, and with renewed shouts the savages turned in pursuit of the empty cap. Before they learned their mistake, Church had made considerable headway under the shadowing bank, and had taken to the woods just as the shoal of Indian heads entered the shadow in eager chase.

The fugitive stood a moment on the brink of the forest, irresolute, for he knew not which course to take.

'I have it—they will never think of looking for me there,' he exclaimed dashing through the under growth, and taking the direction toward the Jockey Cap. He had lost time in deliberating, and the whoop of his pursuers smote his ear as they made the land. On he bounded with the swiftness of a hunted stag, and when he came in sight of his own wigwam the sound had died away, and he began to hope that the savages had taken the track which led to the Seven Lots.

Brethless with exertion, he entered the hut. The boy was asleep, but his mother was listening for the return of her husband.

'Malaeska,' he said, catching her to his panting breast, 'Malaeska, we most part—your tribe want my life—the warriors are on my track now—now!—do you hear their shouts?' he added, as a wild whoop came up from the woods below—and forcing back the arms she had flung about him, he seized a war-club and stood ready for the attack.

Malaeska sprung to the door and looked out, with the startled air of a frightened doe. Darting back to the pile of furs, she laid the sleeping child on the bare earth, and motioning her husband to lie down, heaped the skins over his prostrate form; then taking the child in her arms she stretched herself on the pile, and drawing a bear skin over her, pretended to sleep. She had scarcely composed herself when three savages entered the wigwam. One bore a blazing pine knot, with which he proceeded to search for the fugitive. While the others were busy among the scanty furniture, he approached the trembling wife, and after feeling about among the furs without effect, lifted the bear skin which covered her: but her sweet face, in apparent slumber, and the beautiful infant lying across her bosom, were all that rewarded his search. As if her beauty had power to tame the savage, he carefully replaced the covering over her person, and speaking to his companions, left the hut without attempting to disturb her further.

Malaeska remained in her feigned slumber till she heard the Indians take to the woods again. Then she arose and lifted the skins from off her husband, who was nearly suffocated under them. When he had regained his feet she placed the war-club in his hand, and taking up her babe led the way to the entrance of the hut. Church saw by the act that she intended to desert her tribe and accompany him in his flight. He had never thought of introducing her as his wife among the whites, and now that circumstances made it necessary for him to part with her forever, or to take her among his people for shelter, a pang, such as he had never felt, came to his heart. His affections struggled powerfully with his pride. The picture of his disgrace—of the scorn with which his parents and sisters would receive his Indian wife and half Indian child, presented itself before him, and he had not the moral courage to risk the degradation which her companionship would bring upon him. These conflicting thoughts rushed through his mind [illegible] when his wife stepped to the door, and, looking anxiously in his face, beckoned him to follow, he said sharply, for his conscience was ill at ease—

'Malaeska, I go alone—you and the boy must remain with your people.'

His words had a withering effect on the poor Indian. Her form drooped, and she raised her eyes with a look so mingled with humiliation and reproach, that the hunter's heart thrilled painfully in his bosom. Slowly, and as if her soul and strength were paralyzed, she crept to her husband's feet, and sinking to her knees, held up the babe.

'Malaeska's heart will die, and the boy will have no one to feed him,' she said.

That beautiful child—that young mother kneeling in her humiliation—those large dark eyes, dim with the intensity of her solicitude, and that voice so full of tender entreaty,—the husband's heart could not withstand them. His bosom heaved—tears gathered in his eyes, and raising the Indian and her child to his bosom, he kissed them both again and again.

'Malaeska,' he said, folding her closer to his heart, 'Malaeska, I must go now; but when seven suns have passed I will come again—or, if the tribe still seek my life, do you take the child and come to the Seven Lot settlement—I shall be there.'

The Indian woman bowed her head in humble submission. 'The white man is good—Malaeska will come,' she said.

One more embrace, and the poor Indian wife was alone with her child.

* * * * * * *

Poor Martha Allen arose early, and waited with nervous impatience for the appearance of her lover; but the morning passed, the hour of noon drew near, and yet he came not. The heart of the maiden grew heavy, and when her father came in to dinner, her eyes were red with weeping, and a cloud of mingled sorrow and petulance darkened her handsome face. She longed to question her father about Jones, but he had thrice replenished his brown earthen bowl with hasty pudding and milk, before she could gather courage to speak.

'Have you seen Arthur Jones, this morning?' she at length questioned, in a low, timid voice.

The answer she received, was quite sufficient punishment for all her coquettish folly of the previous night. Jones had left the settlement, [illegible] in anger with her, without a word of explanation; without even saying farewell. It really was hard. The little coquette had the heart-ache terribly, till her father frightened it away by telling her of the adventure which Church had met among the Indians, and of his departure with Arthur Jones in search of aid from the nearest settlement. The old man gloomily added that the savages would doubtless burn their houses over their heads and massacre every living being within them, long before the two brave fellows would return with succor. Such, indeed, were the terrible fears of almost every one in the little neighborhood; but their apprehensions, however, were premature. Part of the Indian tribe had gone out on a hunting party among the White hills, and were ignorant of the fatal shot with which Jones had aroused the animosity of their brethren; while those who remained, were dispersed in a fruitless pursuit after Church.

On the afternoon of the fifth day after the departure of their emissaries, the whites began to see unequivocal symptoms of an attack; and now their fears did not deceive them. The hunting party had returned to their encampment and the detached parties were gathering around the foot of Jockey Cap. About dusk, an Indian appeared on the skirts of the clearing, as if to spy out the position of the whites. Soon after, a shot was fired at the Englishman before mentioned, as he returned from his work, which passed through the crown of his hat. That hostilities were commencing was now beyond a doubt, and the males of the settlement met in solemn conclave to devise measures for the defence of their wives and children. Their slender preparations were soon made, all were gathered round one of the largest houses, in gloomy apprehension; the women and children within, and the men standing in front, sternly resolving to die in the defence of their loved ones. Suddenly there came up a sound from the woods, the trampling of many feet, and the crackling of brushwood, as if some large body of men was forcing a way through the tangled forest. The women bowed their pallid faces, and gathering their children in their arms, waited, appalled, for the attack. The men stood ready, each grasping his weapon—their faces paleing, and their eyes kindling with stern courage, as they heard the stifled groans of the loved objects, cowering behind them for protection. The sound came nearer and more distinct; dark forms were seen dimly, moving among the trees, and then a file of men came out into the clearing. They were whites—led on by William Church and Arthur Jones. The settlers uttered a boisterous shout, threw down their arms and ran in a body to meet the new comers. The women sprang to their feet, some weeping, others laughing in hysterical joy, and all embracing their children with frantic energy.

Never were there more welcome guests than the score of weary men who refreshed themselves in the various houses of the settlement that night. It was not expected, even by the most sanguine, that a reinforcement could reach them so soon; nor would they have been thus fortunate, had not their messengers met with a party of brave men, making their way through the wilderness, from Dunstable to Pigwacket, which was the Indian name for the country around the Seven Lot settlement. Their object was to offer battle to the savages, and they gladly followed the two young men who so earnestly demanded their assistance.

Sentinels were placed, and each settler returned to his dwelling, accompanied by three or four of the welcome guests; every heart beat high with hope save one—Martha Allen's—she, poor girl, was sad among the general rejoicing, her lover had not spoken to her, though she had lingered near his side in the crowd, and had once almost touched him. Instead of going directly to her father's house, as had been his custom, he accepted the Englishman's invitation, and departed to sleep in his dwelling.

Now this same Englishman had a niece, residing with him, who was considered by some to be even more beautiful than Martha herself. The humbled maiden thought of Jones, and of the bright blue eyes of the English girl, till her heart burned with the very same jealous feelings she had so ridiculed in her lover.

'I will see him, I will see them both,' she exclaimed, starting up from the settle where she remained, full of jealous anxiety, since the dispersing of the crowd; and unheeded by her father—who was relating his hunting exploits to the five strangers quartered on him,—she dashed away her tears, threw a shawl over her head, and taking a cup, as an excuse for borrowing something, left the house.

The Englishman's dwelling stood on the outer verge of the clearing, just within the shadow of the forest; Martha had almost reached the entrance, when a dark form rushed from its covert in the brushwood, and rudely seizing her, darted back into the wilderness. The terrified girl uttered a fearful shriek; for the fierce eyes gazing down upon her were those of a savage. She could not repeat the cry, for the wretch crushed her form to his naked chest, with a grasp of iron, and winding his hand in her hair, was about to dash her to the ground. That moment, a bullet whistled by her cheek. The Indian tightened his hold with spasmodic violence, staggered back [illegible] her in his death grasp,—a moment he writhed in mortal agony—warm blood gushed over his victim—the heart under her struggled fiercely in its last throes; then the lifeless arms relaxed, and she lay fainting on his corpse.

'Oh, Arthur,—dear Arthur, I am so glad it was you that saved me.' whispered Martha Allen about an hour after her rescue, as she lay on the settle in her father's house, with Arthur Jones bending anxiously over her.

Jones dropped the hand he had been holding, and turned away with troubled features.

Martha looked at him, and her eyes were brimming with tears. 'Jones,' she said, humbly and very affectionately—'Jones, I did wrong the other night, and I am sorry for it, will you forgive me?'

'I will this once, but never again—never, as I live,' he replied, with a stern determination in his manner, accompanied by a look that humbled her to the heart. In after years, when Martha Allen was Arthur Jones's wife, and when the stirrings of vanity would have led her to trifle with his feelings, she remembered that look, and dared not brave it a second time.

At sunrise the next morning an armed force went into the forest, composed of all who could be spared from the settlement, amounting to thirty-three fighting men. The Indians encamped about the Jockey Cap, more than doubled that number, yet the handful of brave whites resolved to offer them a decisive combat. They proceeded from the settlement down the northern side of Saco Pond, without obtaining a sight of the enemy, if we except one solitary Indian, who appeared on the point of land, which we have before described, and another, with whom they exchanged fires, that of the Indian taking fatal, but not immediate effect, on Mr. John Lovell, the Captain of the company.

The little band was approaching the north extremity of the pond, when they halted for a moment to rest. The spot on which they stood was level and thinly timbered; some were setting on the grass, and others leaning on their guns, consulting on their future move-

ments, when a fiendish yell arose like the howl of a thousand wild beasts, and, as if the very earth had yawned to emit them, a band of warriors sprang up in appalling numbers, on the front and rear, and approaching them three abreast, fired into the group with terrible slaughter.

The whites returned their fire, and the sounds of murderous strife, ringing up from the deep bosom of the wilderness, were indeed horrible. Sternly arose the white man's shout, amid the blazing of guns, and the whizzing of tomahawks, as they flashed through the air on their message of blood. Above all, burst out the war-whoop of the savages, sometimes rising hoarse, and like the growling of a thousand bears; then, as the barking of as many wolves, and again, sharpening to the shrill, unearthly cry of a tribe of wild cats. Oh, it was fearful, that scene of slaughter—heart to heart and muzzle to muzzle, the white and the red man battled in deadly strife. The trees above them seemed drooping under a cloud of smoke, and their trunks were scarred with gashes, cut by the tomahawks which had missed their more deadly aim. The ground was burthened with the dead, and yet the strife raged fiercer and fiercer till the going down of the sun.

In the midst of the fight was William Church. Many a dusky form bit the dust, and many a savage howl followed the discharge of his trusty gun; but at length it became foul with continued use, and he went to the brink of the pond to wash it. He was stooping to the water, when the dark form of an Indian chief cast its shadow a few feet from him; he too, had come down to clean his gun. The moment he had accomplished his purpose, he turned to the white man, who had been to him as a son, and drawing his muscular form up to its utmost height, uttered a defiance in the Indian tongue; instantly, the weapons of both were loaded and discharged. The tall form of the chief waved unsteadily for a moment and then fell forward, half its length, into the pond; he strove to rise—his hands dashed wildly on the crimsoned water, for a moment, and Paugus was dead.

The setting sun fell brilliantly over the glittering raiment of the prostrate chief, his long black hair streamed out upon the water, and the tiny waves rippled playfully among the gorgeous feathers, which had been his savage crown.

A little back, on the green bank, was Church, wounded in both his legs: he strove to creep to the battle field, but the blood gushed afresh from his wounds, and he fell back to die.

The savages retreated—the shots become more distant, and the poor youth was left alone with the body of the slain warrior. He made one more desperate effort, and secured the gun which had belonged to the chief; though faint with the loss of blood, he loaded that, as well as his own, and placing them beside him, resolved to sell his life as dearly as possible. The sun went slowly down, the darkness crept like a veil over the lake, and there he was, wounded and alone, in the solitude of the wilderness; who shall tell the thoughts of the forsaken man during that long, long night of agony! Did they dwell on that other world whose shadowy portals he was approaching? or did his heart turn to her, his Indian wife, and the infant pledge of the great love he had borne her? None can answer.

The morning dawned upon the lake quietly and still, as if nothing, but the dews of heaven and the flowers of earth, had ever tasted its freshness; yet all under the trees, the tender grass and the white blossoms, were crushed to the ground and trampled in human blood.—The delicious light broke, like a smile from heaven over the still bosom of the waters, and flickered cheeringly through the dewy branches of the hemlock which shadowed the prostrate hunter. The bright dew drops lay thickly on his dress and gleamed like a shower of seed pearls in his rich brown hair; the green moss on either side was soaked with a crimson stain, and his face was pallid in death. He had not died tamely, as the discharged guns at his feet, and the dusky forms of two dead Indians in a neighboring thicket, might witness; nor was he alone in death, for on the same mossy couch lay the slain chief; the limbs were composed as if on a bier, the hair wiped smooth, and the crescent of feathers, broken and wet, was arranged with care around his bronzed temples. A little way off on a hillock, purple with flowers, lay a beautiful child, rolling over, throwing up his limbs and uttering his tiny shouts of gladness, as if death and sorrow were not all around him. There by the side of the dead hunter, sat Malaeska, the widow, her hands dropping nerveless by her side, her long black hair sweeping the moss, and her face bowed on her bosom, as if stupified with the overwhelming poignancy of her grief. Thus she remained, motionless and still, when the day was at its noon. Her child, hungry and tired with play, had cried itself to sleep among the flowers, but she knew it not; her heart seemed closed as with a portal of ice. That night, when the moon was up, the Indian widow, with her own hands, buried her husband, and the chief, her father, under a great pine, at the base of the Jockey Cap. The Indian warrior and his white son soon slept in one grave. When the tribe was dispersed, Malaeska remained in her wigwam by the bones of her household.

Years after 'Lovell's fight,' when Arthur Jones and Martha his wife, were settled in a frame house, with a rising family about them, their youngest girl, Mary Georgiana, would sometimes wander alone, on a summer's day to the foot of the Jockey Cap, whence she would return, with a string of wampum, the skin of a bird, or a pretty painted basket, woven by the hand of Malaeska and filled with blueberries by a brave dark-eyed boy, who called the Indian, 'mother.' Often was the young lad seen passing through the village, loaded with his mothers merchandize, and sometimes, when the whites would inadvertantly speak of her by her English name, 'Moll. Locket,' the boy would draw himself up, and inform them with a flashing eye, that his mother's name was Malaeska, and that she was the daughter of a great chief, though she did make baskets, at the foot of Jockey Cap.

P. PILGARLICK PIGWIGGIN, ESQ.

We extract the following from an amusing article in the Philadelphia Saturday News, entitled 'Undeveloped Genius.' We regret that we have not room for the entire article, which abounds in racy humor.—*N. Y. Trans.*

There are many reasons why genius so often remains invisible. The owner is frequently unconscious of the jewel in his possession, and is indebted to chance for the discovery. Of this, Patrick Henry was a striking instance.—After he had failed as a shopkeeper, and was compelled to 'hoe corn and dig potatoes,' alone on his little farm, to obtain a meagre subsistence for his family, he little dreamed that he had that within, which would enable him to shake the throne of a distant tyrant, and nerve the arm of struggling patriots. Sometimes, however, the possessor is conscious of his gift, but it is to him as the celebrated anchor was to the Dutchman; he cannot use or exhibit it. The illustrious Thomas Erskine, in his first attempt at the bar, made so miserable a business of it, as to elicit the pity of the good natured, and the scorn and contempt of the less feeling part of the auditory. Nothing daunted, however, for he felt undeveloped genius strong within him, he left the court, muttering with more profanity than was proper, but with much truth, 'By ——d it is in me, and it shall come out!' He was right; it was in him; he did get it out, and rose to be Lord Chancellor of England.

But there are men less fortunate, as gifted as Erskine, though perhaps in a different way, [illegible] ne did, but they can't get their genius out. They feel it, like a rat in a cage, beating against their barring ribs in a vain struggle, and thus, with the materials for building a reputation, and standing high among the sons of song and eloquence, they pass their lives in obscurity, regarded by the few, who are aware of their existence, as simpletons; fellows sent upon the stage solely to fill up the grouping; to eat, sleep, and die.

P. Pilgarlick Pigwiggin, Esq., as he loves to be styled, is one of these unfortunate undeveloped gentlemen, about town. The arrangement of his name shows him to be no common man, Peter P. Pigwiggen would be nothing, except a balling title to call him to dinner; or to insure the safe arrival of dunning letters and tailor's bills. There is a little character about it, as about the word Towser, the individuality of which has been lost by indiscriminate application. To all intents and purposes, he might as well be addressed as 'You Peter Pigwiggin,' after the tender maternal fashion in which, in his youthful days he was required to quit dabbling in the gutter, to come home and be spanked. But P. Pilgarlick Pigwiggen, Esq.,!!! The aristocracy of birth and genius is all about it. The very letters seem tasseled and fringed with the cobwebs of antiquity.

But to avoid digression, or rather to return from a ramble in the fields of nomenclature, P. Pilgarlick Pigwiggen is an undeveloped genius—a wasted man—his talents are like money in a strong box, returning no interest. He is in truth a species of Byron in the egg; but unable to chip the shell, his genius remains unhatched. The chicken moves and faintly chirps within, but no one sees it, no one heeds it. Peter feels the high aspirations, and the mysterious imaginings of poesy circulating about the interior of his cranium; but there they stay. When he attempts to give them utterance, he finds that nature forgot to leave out the passage, which carries thought to the tongue and to the finger ends; and no art has yet found out the method of tunnelling, or driving a drift into the brain, to remedy such defects, and act as a general jail delivery to the prisoners of the mind, his divine conceptions continue pent in their osseous cell. In vain does Pigwiggen sigh for a splitting headache—one that shall ope the sutures, and set his fancies free. In vain does he shave his forehead and turn down his shirt collar, in hope of finding the poetic vomitory, and of leaving it clear of impediment; in vain does he drink vast quantities of gin to raise the steam so high that it may burst imagination's boiler, and suffer a few drops of it to escape; in vain does he sit up o'nights, using all the [illegible] he can lay his hands on, to smoke out the secret. [illegible] useless all. No sooner has he spread the paper, and seized the pen to give bodily shape to airy dreams, than a dull dead blank succeeds. As if the flourish of the quill were the crowning of a 'rooster,' the dainty Ariels of his imagination vanish. The feather drops from his shackled fingers, the paper remains unstained, and P. Pilgarlick Pigwiggen is still an undeveloped genius.

Originally a grocer's boy, Peter early felt he had a soul above soap and candles, and he so diligently nourished it with his master's sugar, figs and brandy, that early one morning he was unceremoniously dismissed with something more substantial than a flea in his ear. His subsequent life was passed in various callings, but call as loudly as they would, our hero paid little attention to their voice. He had an eagle's longings, and, with an inclination to stare the sun out of countenance, it was to be expected that he would stoop to the barnyard fowl. Working when he couldn't help it; at times pursuing check speculations at the theatre doors by the way of turning an honest penny, and now and then gaining entrance by crooked means, to feed his faculties with a view of the performances, he likewise pursued his studies through all the ballads in the market, until qualified to read the pages of Byron. Glowing with ambition, he sometimes pined to see the poet's corner of our weekly cotemporaries graced with his effusions. But though murder may out, his undeveloped genius would not. Execution fell so far short of conception that his lyrics were invariably rejected.

Deep, but unsatisfactory, were the reflections which then arose in the breast of Pigwiggen.

'How is it,' said he; 'how is it, I can't level down my expression to the comprehension of the vulgar, or level up the vulgar to a comprehension of my expressions? How is it, I cant get the spiggot out, so my nerves will run clear? I know what I mean myself, but nobody else does, and the impudent editors say it's wasting room to print what nobody understands. I've plenty of genius—lots of it, for I often want to cut my throat, and would have done it long ago, only it hurts. I'm checkfull of genius and running over; for I hate all sorts of work myself, and all sorts of people mean enough to do it. But life's a field of blackberry and raspberry bushes. Mean people squat down and pick the fruit no matter how they black their fingers; while genius, proud and perpendicular, strides fiercely on, and gets nothing but scratches and holes tore in his trowsers.'

Pigwiggen was seen one fine morning not long since, at the corner of the street, with a melancholy abstracted air, the general character of his apppearance. His garments were of a rusty black, much the worse for wear. His coat was buttoned up to the throat, probably for a reason more cogent than that of showing the moulding of his chest, and a black handkerchief enveloped his neck. Not a particle of white was to be seen about him; not that we mean to infer that his 'sark' would not have answered to its name, if the muster roll of his attire had been called, for we scorn to speak of a citizen's domestic relations, and, until the contrary is proved, we hold it but charity to believe that every man has as many shirts as backs. Peter's cheeks were pale and hollow; his eyes sunken, and neither soap nor razor had kissed his lips for a week. His hands were in his pockets—they had the accommodation all to themselves—nothing else was there.

'Is your name Peter P. Pigwiggin?' inquired a man, with a stick, which he grasped in the middle.

'My name is P. Pilgarlick Pigwiggin, if you please, my good friend,' replied the hero, with a flash of indignation at being miscalled.

'You'll do,' was the nonchalant response; and the 'man with a stick,' drew forth a parallelogram of paper, curiously inscribed with characters, partly written and partly printed, of which the words, 'The Commonwealth greeting,' were strikingly visible; 'you'll do, Mr Pilgarlick Pigwiggen Peter. That's a *capias ad respondendum*, the English of which is you're cotched because you can't pay; only they put in Greek, so's not to hurt a gentleman's feelings, and make him feel flat afore the company. I cant say much for the manners of the big courts, but the way the law's and a squire's office is genteel, when the thing is under a hundred dollars, is cautionary.

There was little to be said. Peter yielded at once. His landlady, with little respect for the incipient Byron, had turned him out that morning, and had likewise sent 'the man with a stick' to arrest the course of undeveloped genius. Peter walked before, and he of the 'taking away,' strolled leisurely behind.

* * * * * * * * *

'It's the fate of genius, squire. The money is owed. But how can I help it? I can't live without eating and sleeping. If I wasn't to do those functionaries, it would be suicide, severe beyond circumflexion.

'Well, you know, you must either pay or go to jail.'

'Now, squire, as a friend—I cant pay, and I dont admire jail—as a friend now.'

'Got any bail?—No!—what's your trade—what name is it?'

'Poesy,' was the laconic but dignified reply.

'Puesy?—Yes, I remember Puesy. You're in the shoe-cleaning line, somewhere in Fourth street. Puesy, boots and shoes cleaned here. Getting whiter ar'n't you? I thought Puesy was a little darker in countenance.'

'*P-o-e-s-y!*' roared Peter, spelling the word at the top of his voice; 'I'm a poet.'

'Well, Posy, I suppose you don't write for nothing. Why didn't you pay your landlady out of what you received for your books, Posy?

'My genius ain't developed. I hav'n't written any thing yet. Only wait till my mind is manured, so I can catch the idea, and I'll pay off old scores.'

'Twon't do, Posy. I don't understand it at all.—You must go and find a little undeveloped bail, or I must send you to prison. The officer will go with you. But stay; there's Mr. Grubson in the corner—perhaps he will bail you.'

Grubson looked unpromising. He had fallen asleep, and the flies hummed about his sulky copper colored visage, laughing at his unconscious drowsy efforts to drive them away. He was aroused by Pilgarlick, who insinuatingly preferred the request.

'I'll see you hanged first,' replied Mr. Grubson; 'I goes bail for nobody. I'm undeveloped myself on that subject, not but that I've the greatest respect for you in the world; but most of people's cheats.'

'You see, Posy, the developement won't answer.—You must try out of doors. The officer will go with you.'

'Squire, as a friend, excuse me,' said Pilgarlick. 'But the truth of the matter is this. I'm delicate about being seen in the street with a constable. I'm principled against it. The reputation which I'm going to get might be injured by it. Wouldn't it be pretty much the same thing, if Mr Grubson was to go with the officer and get me a little bail?'

'I'm delicate myself,' growled Grubson; 'I'm principled agin that too. Every man must walk about on his own responsibility; every man bail his own boat. You might jist as well ask me to swallow your physic or take your thrashings.'

Alas! Pilgarlick knew that his boat was past bailing. Few are the friends of genius in any of its stages—very few are they when it is undeveloped. He, therefore, consented to sojourn in 'Arch, west of Broad,' until the white-washing process could be performed, on condition he were taken there by the 'alley way;' for he still looks ahead to the day, when a hot pressed volume shall be published by the leading booksellers, entitled Poems, by P. Pilgarlick Pigwiggen, Esq.

COMMUNICATIONS.

SIMON SNUFFER'S ESSAYS ON MAN
NO. III.—ANTIPHRENOLOGY.

My uncle Jimmy Jungler says some of his neighbors have discovered signs of the bumpological heresy in my essays, and have thereupon pronounced them, 'a mere humbug!'

Now these antiphrenologists are quite a Seminole concern. I would clinch the rascals if they would put themselves in any tangible shape.

Said I, uncle Jimmy, what shall I do? Shall I reason with them? 'Reason with them!' said he; 'you may as well shake hands with a shadow; or sing lullaby to a sawmill. You may as well set a monkey to cyphering in multiplication. Reason with an antiphrenologist! I would as soon undertake to reason with a mud-turtle. No; take them, as I told you, in their own way. Laugh at the blockheads, and let them go. Dont you know that our society in Boston has offered them 100 dollars for a small specimen of their reasoning?'

But uncle, what is the reason they wont reason in favor of their own principles? 'Why, Simon, the principal reason is, that they have no principles to reason upon. And then, they begin to mistrust they dont know much; or they are afraid we know more than they do; which, by the by, would be no great affair, for one possessing a thimble full of brains.'

When uncle Jimmy is in earnest, his discourse makes better sense than poetry. And, on the present occasion there seems to be no chance to suspect him of jesting.

With regard to phrenology, we have about four sorts of folks to deal with, namely, phrenologists, quacks, artists, and neutrals.

Phrenological quacks misunderstand or misuse [illegible] the name of the science. They are a small concern; and, as uncle Jimmy says, 'not well worth waisting words with' to any considerable extent.

A large proportion of the believers and unbelievers in this, as in other matters, believe or disbelieve because somebody else does—without knowing distinctly what it is they believe or disbelieve. As these people never come to years of discretion, and have not the care of their own consciences, we must look to their superiors.

But the neutrals—persons not pretending to have sufficient knowledge to decide the case—these are numerous and respectable. Yes, the neutrals are the thing. Call them fence-men, as you please; it is neutrals, and neutrals only, that are qualified for judges or jurymen. Others may argue; but these should settle questions.—And the question of phrenology will be settled by them in the affirmative. I write and talk for the benefit of such; especially for those who are too busy or too lazy to read Spurzheim and Combe.

'Cousin,' said Ned Slinkins, 'do you really believe the truth of phrenology?' No, said I, I do not believe it—I know it. I know it by observation, as well as I know that a large stick is stronger than a small one. And every after-time observer knows it, if he knows what phrenology is. I will go yet farther, and assert, that every man of common sense is, to some extent, practically a craniologist; whether he knows it or not. I mean that every one involuntarily (though perhaps quite indistinctly) judges a stranger's mental powers and dispositions by the form of his head. And jockies apply this principle even to the horse; though with less advantage—because the knowledge of mankind is more important—and because, secondly, the form of the human skull is more obvious.

Ned says the face is the index by which he knows the mind. When he went with me to Dr. Timberley's in Timbertown, a few days since, we put his skill to the test. I first saw the doctor alone; said he, 'Mr. Snuffer, I dont believe much in your phrenology.'—Never mind, was the reply, I can make you believe in it. 'Well,' said he, 'you may begin with my head if you please.' So I looked it over with great formality, and rubbed my hands about it. Said I, doctor, your phrenological developments are of the highest order. Said he, Simon, I begin to have faith like a mustard stalk.

I told him how I wanted to try Ned. So we rigged up Jo Scandling, the doctor's hired man, and set him beside the doctor with their caps drawn down to their eyes. Then I called in Ned. Said I, cousin, here are two faces; what do you say of the minds above them?

Ned looked puzzled, and was turning to go out. Stop, said I, and answer my question. 'Well then, said he, let me see the rest of the face.' 'The rest of the face!' exclaimed I, 'ah! there's the rub. You want a peep at their phrenological developments. Very well; what do you say now?' said I, taking off their caps.—'Why, surely, said Ned, that old man is a right one, and that young fellow is a dough-head.' 'Fact! said the doctor, there must be something in phrenology.'

Dr. Timberley was not corpulent; and yet he had a capacious and well-shaped cranium, and withall, excessively developed, like my own, in the region of vanity. But Joseph's forehead was pinched up every way. It was low—studied, narrow, and so close to the ears as to leave but little room for brains in the intellectual department. In short, he had just such a knowledge box as no man of fancy and intelligence was ever seen wearing. And similar cases are not rare; and none are so blind as those that wont see.

'But why,' said Ned, 'is the head a better index than the face?' Because, replied I, the brain lies in the head, and not in the lower face. And the brain is the organ of the mind. And the form of the skull shows nearly the form of the brain—and the form of the brain has much to do with the capacities of the mind. 'I declare' said Ned, 'you are all round me; and if it was not for being laughed at by fools, I dont know but I should come over to your side.'

I said phrenology is true; but what is phrenology? It is well for people to understand what they are writing and reading about; and especially what they are quarrelling about, if they quarrel at all. But first I will mention some things that it is not.

Phrenology, then, does not teach that a man is particularly known by the bumds on his head, or the stripes on his back. This is *Bumpology*.

Nor by the absolute size of his head. This is *Lumpology*.

Nor that an hour's acquaintance with Spurzheim's chart qualifies one to disclose all the hidden springs of a human mind. This is *Jumpology*.

Nor that every brag is to be taken as a standard of mental philosophy. This is *Trumpology*.

Nor that a mind can be fully and infallibly described after passing the eyes and the hands a few moments over a stranger's head. This is *Blunderology*.

Nor does it teach that the various faculties of the mind can be measured by gunter scales, or other mathematical instruments. This is *Gunterology*.

Nor that our actions depend merely upon the form of the brain. This is *Enginology*—No; worse than that—for the operations of the merest engine depend much upon its management. But inasmuch as the supporters of this theory would make the science to supercede all other means of knowing ourselves and our fellows, it may be called *Omnology*, or *Omniology*; I dont know which sounds best. So here is a touch of Greek or Latin (no matter which) for you Mr. Reader. Learning will leak out. My essays are getting me into the society of the great, and I am in danger of having my plain English corrupted by foreign lingo and cant phrases. This circumstance will account for my growing more polite and scholastic, if such should prove to be the case.

Now all these, together with [illegible], *[illegible]gy, Stumpology, Thumpology, Gumpology, Grinology, &c.* are not even branches of Phrenology; but are arts and sciences, in, by and of themselves—of how much importance, I leave it for others to determine.

In my next or some other number, I intend to tell something about phrenology.

In the mean time Simon Snuffer wishes it distinctly understood, that he bids defiance to all the antiphrenologists in the known world. If any of them dare commence the game of thump-and-go-it, I'm their humble servant, and constantly on hand, for better or for worse.

SIMON SNUFFER.

P. S. There are several typographical mistakes in my last: whether for better or worse, may be somewhat doubtful. I expect to write my essays so well that small mistakes cannot essentially injure them. And in these, if any thing should be found that does not seem to make sense, the reader is requested to alter it to his likeing.

S. S.

THE SEA'S BOTTOM. The bottom of the sea is represented to present inequalities like the earth, and is covered with animals. In some places there is only an immense sandy plain, extending for several hundred miles. The bottom of the Red Sea, however, is a forest of submarine plants.

The Bed of the Sea near America presents a beautiful appearance. It is covered with vegetables looking as green as a meadow, and thousands of turtles and other sea animals are constantly feeding thereon.

The mean depth of the ocean is represented to be two miles.

NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1836.

TO AUTHORS.

In the course of the last year the Publishers of the Galaxy offered sums as prizes for literary articles. The time fixed for their reception was the First of June of the present year, and the Publishers found to their regret that not a sufficient number had been received to authorize presenting them to a committee for judgment. Determined, however, to do all in our power to please our subscribers—determined to provide for the Galaxy the best literary articles which can be obtained, we resolved to INCREASE THE SUM FORMERLY PROPOSED, in order that it may be considered an object for writers to compete for the prizes, and that better productions may be the result; we, therefore, offer a prize of

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS!

for the best tale, TWENTY-FIVE for the second best, and TWENTY-FIVE for the best POEM.

The Manuscripts must be sent ☞ post paid, to the publishers, before the First of October next, at which time they will be handed to a Committee for their decision.

We also propose to send the Galaxy free to unsuccessful authors, whose productions may be deemed worthy of publication. Boston, June 1, 1836.

THE LAW OF LIBEL.—We do not intend to enter in any particular into the *legal* discussion now being carried on in regard to the law of Libel. We know comparatively little respecting the technicalities of the Common Law and Statute Law, and the new description of law lately named Judge Law. We can only say as a premise to our remarks, that the late trials for Libel in Massachusetts have called forth animated and protracted discussions respecting the legality of any such prosecutions—one party contending that there is no law whatever to restrain the Press, and that the framers of our constitution *intended to put no shackles whatever upon its freedom*, and that all criminal actions respecting libels have been instituted under the decrees of *Judge Law* alone,—the other party asserting and attempting to prove, we know not with what success, that it forms a part of the Common Law of England, and that all propriety and precedence sanctions its use.

Laying aside, as we have premised, any reflections upon the authority of the law of Libel, we would ask the strenuous advocates for the belief that it is contrary to the constitution of Massachusetts, what they hope to gain by such a course? What do they lead men to suppose is their object? Plainly, that they would do away with it altogether; and we raise our voice against so fearful a result. It is strange to us, that men in their sober senses can declare the law of libel a restraint upon the liberty of the press—considering the definition of liberty in its more exalted and just acceptation—*lawful freedom*. Without such restraint, what a vehicle would the press become! It assails the purity of character and of motives in as gross a manner even now, as it dares. How dreadful might we expect to be its abuses, were all shackles removed!

A civil suit is not always within the power of an injured man. A criminal action will redress his wrongs—and will any one dare to say that the traducing of another to gratify malignity, to effect a hidden purpose, or to hold him up to the scorn and contempt of men is not a *crime!* 'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor,' says the Holy Book. Is not a violation of the commandments of God a crime? What is an injury to another by vilifying him in a public print but a violation of a command of God!

If then a criminal prosecution for libel be not just according to our constitution, we pray that it may be altered so as to make it just. We contend for it, for the honor of the press itself, as well as for a protection of the rights of our citizens. Remove *it*—and the press is degraded into a vehicle for malice and infamous designs, or becomes a curse instead of a blessing to mankind.

NEW YORK AND BOSTON.—A member of the New York Light Guards has addressed a letter to Mr. Smith of the Sunday Morning News, giving his impression of the inhabitants of Boston, during the visit of that corps in our city. They happened to arrive among us on the Fourth of July, when all the lower classes of a city are abroad in various frolics, and all that is bad is seen in its worst light. The writer eulogizes our appearance. He says that the abuses—the low vulgarity—the drunkenness—the rioting, which he has seen in his own and other cities was not to be found in Boston; but that the people seemed to be cheerful, and joyful, and well dressed—and were enjoying themselves in innocent amusements.

We have often spoken of our neat and thrifty population. Let them say what they will of the sharp calculations of Yankees, we will put Bostonians before the world for general good order and freedom from that mob which hangs like a foul incumbrance on other cities. In two or three instances, Bostonians have forgotten themselves—but that has only been in times of incontrolable excitement, when her sister cities, under the same circumstances, would have gone to greater lengths.

New York has necessarily a mob. It is the centre of our land—the disgorging place of the thousands who are constantly arriving from the old world to settle upon our shores. Among these there must be many vicious and degraded beings—who have left their own lands to escape just punishment, and unrestrained, to riot here in sin. There must be a mob—and there must be conflicts, and degraded action, and foulness in many places, It is a necessary evil.

New York might be far cleaner and neater, and even more prosperous than she is. We are inclined to think that her government is appalled at the task of reduming so large a place from the corruption which a strong effort might efface, and like the old woman who had so much to do that she went a visiting, they leave every thing to take care of itself. The streets should be regularly cleansed—the facilities for business should be extended—and the bustle divided over a broader space. There is ample room for improvements of this nature. The wharves might be extended up the river for a great distance. As it now is, the business is crowded into a narrow compass, and much and constant inconvenience ensues. A change must ere long take place. Like the young swarm of bees which leave their full parent hive, a portion of the business must be thrown farther and father back—and if the Union continues, no calculation can be made of the mighty increase of this even now mighty city.

Boston cannot become so large as New York, although her increase is rapid and steady. Her facilities for commerce are abundant in those points, which New York lacks—such as wharf-room, &c.—and the enterprise of her people is improving every nook and corner, reduming the very land from the embrace of the ocean, and making those parts which but a few years ago constituted the banks of the waters, the centres of business and population. Their commerce is advancing, and thousands of dwellings are being erected, at one and the same time, and year after year will witness greater and greater progress.

And as this advancement is being made, a race of foreigners will swarm among us, more degraded in feeling than our own people,—and our boasted freedom from a mob will exist no longer. Prosperity carries with it a thousand evils—and this not the least among them. It behoves the true Yankees then to preserve their purity of character, and strengthen their laws and moral defences; that the future may not see them and their city disgraced.

GO TO THE WEST—no danger of starvation. Dr. Gardner says, 'I have ascertained already the existence of six different species of Salmon in the Columbia River: the period of spawning of each is different; they are found to run up to the very sources of this River—rapids and cataracts to the contrary notwithstanding.'

'It is common,' says the doctor, 'to find them in the months of November and December at the heads of these streams in such quantities as to choak up the currents, and die by thousands.' Further he says, 'Such is their efforts to ascend, that they not only become emaciated, but actually wear off their *noses* in the severity of their struggles.' This account is from high authority, still it is a fish story—not more wonderful than the pigeon one of the West, and must be true. One thing is true beyond a doubt—that a merchant of this city has for sale, Salmon brought from the Oregon world, and may strengthen the story of Dr. Gardner.

The labor of a horse in a day is reckoned equal to that of five men. A horse cannot well work more than eight hours, but a man may at least ten. A man who is a good walker will perform a long journey sooner than a horse. English pack horses often carry four hundred and twenty pounds, and for a short distance can carry twice that weight. The ass has less strength than the horse, but is more useful for the poor, as he is kept with half the cost. The estimate of horse power, in calculating the effect of steam engines, is wholly hypothetical; it is assumed to be that which will raise a weight of thirty three thousand pounds the height of one foot in a minute—equal to moving ninety pounds four miles in an hour.

CORPORATIONS.—There are many in this country who look with a jealous eye upon all combinations of men for aggrandizement of any kind. The abuses of corporative privileges which have in some instances occurred, have created of dislike to all corporations—and in the minds of many, they are synonymous with oppression and abuse. That this is an exaggerated view of the effects of combinations must be evident to all, when they look abroad over our land and estimate the incalculable advantages which have been derived from them. We have only to ask ourselves what can be done without them, to appreciate their value.

The opposition to all from the abuses of a few is however only the usual course of human reasoning. Judgment condemns in a few instances, and then p ejudice takes up the lance against all. Some of our legislators areendeavoring with all their power to crush Corporations. They term them the riders upon the backs of the people—the hydras which swallow up honesty and fair competition—an incubus upon the prospects our land, and a destroyer of Liberty. We think such men take but a confined view of the case—they do not look abroad and estimate all the favoring as well as oppressing arguments. They are governed by feelings rather than reason.

But all we could advance upon this subject is rendered unnecessary by the following eloquent paragraph from the address of Mr Henshaw:—

"This principle of associating wealth to accomplish particular works, either by a voluntary copartnership or a legal corporation, was early adopted; and it is obviously beneficial to persons of small means, who, by thus uniting their little sums, are enabled to accomplish magnificent and useful works, otherwise unattainable, or beyond the reach of all except the most wealthy. The system thus early begun, has been steadily pursued through all our history down to our own days. It has given to the country your pikes—your canals—your steamboats—your rail roads—many of your most splendid edifices—your flourishing manufactories—your wide-spread commerce. To abandon the system, as some ultra theorists demand, would be to stop short in the march of improvement. If there be abuses in it—and all systems are liable to abuses—correct them; but to prohibit all corporate associations of wealth, which are always controllable by the legislative will, would be but yielding to the demands of folly, ignorance, or knavery.

EXERCISE.—Two kinds of exercise appertain to our system—internal and external—the vital functions, necessary for the preservation of life, such as those of the heart, stomach and intestines, &c. are performed without any act of the will—voluntary and conscious movements constitute exercise; this may debilitate or strengthen the system.—A limb a long time kept in motion, grows stiff; if the motion be too violent, inflamation may follow. Alternate exertion and repose increase the size and power of mens limbs—hence a Blacksmith's arm is larger than one used to other employments—on the other hand, long continued repose will reduce the greatest strength—too much sleep debilitate the brain. Exercise increases the action of the blood vessels, quickens respiration, and spreads over the whole body an equal degree of heat and vital energy and thus maintains a just equilibrium among the functions. Females are often feeble and sickly—by stays and other constraints, even exercise cannot produce a circulation of blood to give vigor to all the system; when you see a pale-faced, white-livered dandy dressed, tight-laced, wasp-formed female in the street, you can pity but cant *relieve*. If you would avoid sickness or stupidity—keep your bodies as nature formed them, and use them as reason dictates.

Dibden, in one of his songs speaks of feelings, such as a man has when his once scolding wife lies dead—this brings to mind the remark of a good old fashioned clergyman in the country, whose life had been rendered somewhat uncomfortable by reason of the peevishness of his better half—at last she died. After the funeral, the mourners or relatives in black with the officiating clergyman, returned to the house—the brother of the cloth said many things to console the family; and particularly said to the surviving husband that he must not forget that those whom God most loves he most afflicts; and that in the present case he must patiently submit—yes, said the grave and afflicted parson, I have long since come to the conclusion, that in case of any such like bereavment, to say from the bottom of my soul, *God's will be done.*

A case of a criminal character was lately tried in Middlesex, in which the jury could not agree—they were as usual, to return into court and state the reasons why they could not come to a decision—the judge asked if the difficulty was in the law or the evidence. One of the jurors made answer, that it was neither in the law nor in the evidence—but *in the plea*—for said he, the law and the evidence make the man guilty enough, but Squire Hoar said in his plea, that he believed upon his conscience that the man was innocent, and as Squire Hoar always speaks the truth—the jury don't seem to know how to get over it.

SWEARING HYPERBOLICALLY.—A man in great anger declared to one with whom he was at variance—that he was a d——d scoundrel, and if he could but get hold of him, he would send him down—down to —— that place *where they don't rake up fires nights.*

The poor man is, from his situation, cut off from a thousand temptations to vice; and that levity and dissipation of thought, which are the common attendants of ease and affluence, are forced to give way to reason and cool reflection, which are as closely allied to wisdom as vice is to folly.

We have just seen the first number of Hudson and Brook's New York Express. It is a large and good looking print—and Brooks makes his editorial bow with the expressed determination to merit success.—The paper will succeed—we predict for it an immediate and prominent stand in the first rank of the newspapers of the day. The author of the Letters from Europe cannot fail to give interest to the editorial department, while the enterprise and determination of Hudson will ensure accuracy and value to the commercial news. The Express will have the best facilities for information, being connected with the News Room, and the merchants of New York, yes, and Boston too, will undoubtedly hail its appearance.

As rank weeds are found rising from heaps of accumulated filth, so gross passions are the natural growth of excess and luxuriance; a pampered body is pretty sure to contain a polluted soul.

NEW YORK CANAL BOATS. A statement has been made in the Albany Argus by several respectable gentlemen and their wives, respecting the disgraceful conduct of the Packet boats between Buffalo and Rochester. It seems that they took passage on board the passenger boat Clinton, with assurance that only twenty five passengers should be taken on board. When they arrived at the boat they found it crowded already—had the packet been properly managed, this would not have been complained of. The master and crew, however, were boisterous, and even abusive to the passengers, sometimes driving very slow—sometimes proceeding very fast, as the whim seized them.

More and more passengers were taken on board, until the crowd became frightful. At length the boat came up with the "opposition line," and the crew evinced a determination to have a serious fight with it. They put their horses to a full race, and dashed by at such a rate, that the boat careened against the bank, the baggage fell over into the water, and a passenger with it. This was at midnight. The scene was terrible in the extreme. No attention was paid to the man, who would have perished, but for courage and resolution.

More conflicts are related, which we have not room to detail—one even worse than this. If such conduct is suffered to continue, it will be a reproach to the state of New York, and a disgrace to the noble canal.

THE MONUMENT.—We are happy to find the following article in the Mercantile Journal.

An erroneous impression appears to have gone abroad that all the money, which may be collected by the present effort about to be made, will be expended in redeeming the debts of the Association. It is expressly stated that all the money which may be obtained from the citizens of this State, towards the completion of the Bunker Hill Monument, should be placed in the hands of the Massachusetts Mechanic Association, to be used for no other purpose, than for completing the Monument. Therefore, every dollar, which may be contributed, will tend to increase somewhat the altitude of this magnificent pile.

The Monument Association *have no debts*,—and we learn that there is a balance of funds on hand to an amount exceeding $2000. The land near the Monument is mortgaged for a sum, the principle and interest of which amount to about $30,000. Whether this land is ever redeemed or not is of little consequence compared with the completion of the Monument. The amount required to raise it to the heighth of 160 feet, is $25,000—and every citizen ought to contribute his mite to effect that object. Let $50,000 be raised, that the monument may, when finished, correspond with the original design, and be upwards of 200 feet in height.

We adverted last week to the debts of the Corporation, gathering our views from the Advocate. We care not for land pledged, old debts, or any thing else, if the funds which may be raised will be expended upon the Monument itself. Such, the above article assures us will be the case, and therefore let every thing be said and every thing be done that may excite the people to make one effort to complete it. The effort, if it be strong, will, *must be* successful—and let all unite in it with determination.

☞ The *Saturday Evening Post* cautions newspaper publishers against one DAVID B. REED, who has swindled them out of his subscription money for their paper. We wish it was an imperious duty for publishers to note all such delinquents, for then such impositions would be less frequent. We have a case or two of a similar kind on hand, and think of starting the fashion.

Some of the farmers in England are ploughing by steam. What *wont* they do next?

A rifle has been invented which discharges 100 times in ten minutes. The breech is of steel.

LITERARY NOTICES.

LARDNER ON THE STEAM ENGINE.—*Philadelphia*, E. L. Carey & Hart—*Boston*, Russell, Shattuck & Co.

We congratulate the lovers of useful knowledge on the production of this work. The powers of *Steam*, are the wonders of our age; all are astonished at the visible effects, but few, we fear, are able to pass understandingly from the effects to the causes. The man who is blessed with a mechanical eye and taste, will readily comprehend the subject, but few without a model and explanation suited to the common sense of mankind, can comprehend the application of the power that has already set the world on tiptoe. No feature in the grand scheme of internal improvement is so grand in idea nor so fruitful in promise, as that of Steam. Every man woman and child make it the burden of their song. A simple illustration of principles, and a common sense explanation of their application to the object to be effected, is all important to every class of our citizens in this period of general solicitude with regard to the same. This wonder-working power—this work of Dr Lardner, amplified, extended and brought down to us by Renwick, meets this demand, and must do much towards the advancement of science, or rather towards its spread among the young who desire to be wise. The reader will find in the work an interesting history of steam power, from Watt the real inventor of the Steam Engine, down to its present perfection.

We feel bold to say, that this work is calculated to delight the wise and instruct the ignorant and is a work of that character which may well serve as a text book to an intelligent Father, to school his children in a branch of education which will both enlarge and elevate their minds.

CAPT. BACK'S NARRATIVE OF A JOURNEY TO THE SHORES OF THE ARCTIC SEA.—*Phil.* Carey & Hart—Boston, Russell, Shattuck, & *Co.* We truly welcome this book. In whatever *style it* might be written, we felt assured before we opened it, that the information it must necessarily convey of the Artic Regions which are comparatively unknown, would be of great value. But to enhance the interest created by the very nature of the events narrated, the description is so lucid and attractive, that it adds to the pleasure of the perusal of the work, and fixes the attention. We hesitate not to say, that the work is beautifully written, and if it be the composition of Capt. Back, will *establish for him* lasting fame as a literary man. The details are exciting and the spirit of the narration does not for a moment relax. Capt. Back speaks in the most unqualified terms of the Americans whom he fell in with, and the attentions shown him in New York—also of the facilities afforded him by the custom-house officers to prevent all delay of his noble enterprise. The book is accompanied by a map showing the route pursued.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF DIGESTION,—by Combe. Boston, Marsh, Capen, & Lyon. This is the first American edition of a work on Digestion, by the celebrated Combe. We have been unable to devote to it all the attention which is required before any proper opinion can be pronounced upon a treatise of this nature: but we are led to think from a perusal of parts, that it is extremely valuable. However, a friend, in whose opinion we place confidence, has just dropped in, and pronounces the work capital, and adds, that every young man and woman too, ought to study it day after day as regularly as they would eat their dinner; and that there would be little necessity of an application to Graham, or a demolition of dispepsia bread.

SHIPWRECKS AND DISASTERS AT SEA.—S. N. Dickenson, Boston,—Fifth edition. What need is there of puffing a book that has in the course of two months reached a fifth edition? Here may the reader who wishes mental excitement, find the account of dreadful accidents on the foaming deep, hair breadth escapes, strange adventures and thrilling dangers. Then he may turn to the numerous pictures which copiously illustrate the work, and "sup full of horrors." The book comes very cheap, and is in greater demand than the publisher can supply.

THOUGHTS, SCRAPS AND NEWS.

MUNICIPAL. At a meeting of the Mayor and Aldermen yesterday:

Petition of F. Fowle, and more than 1600 others, praying that the order lately passed, that the bells be rung at 12 o'clock instead of 1, be reconsidered, and that the old custom be restored, was granted, and an order passed that the bells be rung at 1 o'clock.

The committee upon the subject of appointing an inspector of charcoal baskets, reported that it is inexpedient to appoint such inspector, but that the law in relation to the subject be published. Accepted.

Warrants granted to John G. Hardy, 1st assistant foreman, Joseph Burrowcale, Jr., Clerk, Engine Co. No. 20. Horace H. Goff, foreman of Franklin Fire and Hose Co., Ward No. 8.

Silas Field, licensed as auctioneer.

Petition of Engine Company No. 14, praying that the name of said Engine be altered from Lion to Cataract.—Referred.

Petition of N. F. Cunningham and others, to have Chauncery place and Bedford place opened as a public street. Referred.

The committee on Streets reported a statement of facts in relation to Pearl street, that said street is forty feet wide, and that no encroachment has been made upon the same. Accepted.

Adjourned to Monday next, 4 o'clock, P. M.

IMPORTANT. The President has authorised Gov Dunklin of Missouri, to accept the services of 1000 volunteers for the protection of the Northwestern frontier.

The New Yorkers are making a great fuss because the thermometer has stood for some time in that city, at 88.—Here it has stood for several days above ninety.

The captured Indians have made a 'grand entree' into Fort Mitchell, in number 1000, of which 200 are warriors.

The United States Sloop of War Boston sailed out of the harbor on Sunday at 11 o'clock A. M.

The *Portland Advertiser of a few days ago says* that at the moment of writing (half past 11 A. M.) the sun was entirely obscured, the heavens yellow, and in some rooms too dark to read or write.

Hudson, formerly our townsman, has issued his prospectus for his new paper. It is to be called the 'New York Express. It will be edited by Brooks, and will go—Hudson has unrivalled commercial facilities, and has an energy of character which will ensure him prosperity.

NUMBER ONE. The New Bedford people are angry enough at certain individuals of the town who would not pay a cent towards defraying the expenses of the celebration there, and stuck themselves down in the best seats, crowding the subscribers out. One of these stingy ones walked in among the Rev. Clergy.

Brandredth' Pills are all the go in New York. The advertisements call them so good, that sick men dose themselves to get well, and healthy men swallow them to keep themselves in health. There are none unwell so often as those who take medicine through fear of sickness.

Ratlin, the Reefer, is the name of a forthcoming, three volumes, with nine characteristic illustrations, announced by Bentley, as a 'new work edited by Capt. Marryatt.'

RUMORED DEATH OF OSEOLA.—There is again in circulation a rumor of the death of this chieftain. The N. Y. Mercantile Advertiser says—

We are indebted to a friend for the following extract of a letter from Tallahassee, dated 23d June. 'It is reported here and generally believed that *Oseola*, or Powell, has been murdered by his own people. Gen. Call had ordered 1000 militia to meet him at ——, on the 4th of July.'

The Woollen Factory of Messrs. Francis Faulkner & Son, in Billerica, was destroyed by fire about 3 o'clock yesterday morning. The flames had made such progress before it was discovered, that nothing was saved from the building. Loss about $10,000—partly insured at the Manufacturers' office.

CHAISE ACCIDENT.—As Mr McCawley, a Scotch gentleman, and his negro servant, were returning to the city from Quincy, in a chaise, the horse took fright on descending a hill, and striking against a stone, stumbled and fell, throwing both with great violence into the road. Mr McCawley was severely bruised, and his servant much injured.—*Mer. Jour.*

We learn that a new company has been formed, with a capital of fifty thousand dollars, for the purpose of establishing a new line of omnibusses between the City and Roxbury, on liberal principles, and with a sole view to public accommodation. It is intended that the two first coaches shall be put on the route by the tenth of August.—*Transcript.*

An Irishman by the name of Ryan, aged about 40, was found dead this morning, in the floom, at the Messrs. Hale's flour mill. He had been at work in the Lowell Bleachery. When found his face was badly bruised—and as he was was seen in some of the neighboring groggeries the night before, it was supposed he was drunk and fell in.—*Lowell Courier.*

A postscript to the same paper states that General Scot had detached five companies of mounted men in pursuit.—Heaven grant that a stop may soon be put to these horrible savages.

A NewOrleans paper noticing the complaints of New Englander's against the progeny of emigration in the shape of the dirty and quarrelsome Irishmen who *root* among us, says that they are needed in Louisiana, and could get good wages. There, Irishmen, take up your duds, and be off. We can spare you very easily.

The St. Johns Observer says that the *entrance* of the Menagerie into that town was a most interesting sight. Probably the proprietors would be more pleased if it proved a most interesting sight *after* it had entered and was safe in quarters.

JARVIS THE PAINTER. The Sunday Morning News notices in favorable terms a portrait painter by the name of Jarvis, son of the celebrated Jarvis. If he possesses a tythe of his fathers talent, he will with industry be certain of success in his profession.

A correspondence is going on between Col. T. B. Hogan, U. S. agent in Alabama, and a Mr Woodward, by which it appears that the Indian war has arisen in consequence of the frauds practiced against the Indians to steal away their lands.

A pocket Book was cut from the inside pocket of a gentleman at Newcomb's auction room, Exchange street, at half past 11 yesterday. The doors were immediately closed, and the pocket book was found on the floor, probably dropped by the thief. It contained fifty dollars—which were stolen.—*Briggs.*

HAIL STORM.—A tremendous hail storm occurred in Somerset County, (Me.) on the afternoon of the 2d inst.—Fields of corn and grain were entirely destroyed, and much glass, and some heads were broken by the hail stones. In Skowhegan, a house was struck with lightning and two of its inmates slightly injured.

The President of the United States left Washington on Sunday evening last, on his way to the Hermitage. He was accompanied by his private Secretary, Mr. Donaldson and was in excellent health and spirits.—*Mer. Jour.*

We learn from Briggs' Bulletin, that an Irishman employed on the Lowell Railroad, had his legs broken yesterday afternoon, by the cars passing over them. He is said to have been intoxicated at the time.

A Southern paper states that the suffering of the troops in Florida is almost insupportable, so high as 20 dollars a gallon having been already paid for RUM!

A Providence paper, in printing the theatre bill, make Johnson, Balls, Andrews, and Gilbert appear in the comedy of 'Wild Cats, or the Strolling Gentleman.' As this is a play we never heard of, we conclude it to be a typographical error. The gentlemen designated will not be very highly pleased to be connected thus with the feline species. The printer must sow his wild oats more carefully.

☞ The Mexican Government have issued a decree that all stipulations made by Santa Anna while a prisoner, are to be considered null and void, and that they 'will exert all measures in their power to carry on the war in Texas until the National Honor is vindicated.'

THE CREEKS. From a letter from the Post Master of Columbus, Ga. to the Post Master General, dated July 2d, information has been received at Washington of the certain capture of Jim Henry, and about one hundred and fifty of his warriors.

There are four Theological Seminaries in New Hampshire. Of a truth there is a smart chance of regeneration in that quarter.

An English paper tells a good story of rats. They are so numerous in the sewers of London that some criminals who escaped from prison, and secreted themselves there, were so fiercely attacked by them that they were glad to call for help, and by that means were arrested.

The New Orleans Observer says, 'nearly every Sabbath evening our eyes are *painted* (pained) with a view of Sunday theatres.

A boy at Great Falls, employed at one of the factories, being denied the privilege of visiting the circus, threw a piece of iron into a part of the machinery to stop the mill. Whereupon the operatives were summoned, and the criminal adjudged a sound thrashing, which was duly administered as it should be; and thereupon the whole village is in a ferment, and criminal persecutions commenced by the boy's *friends*.

Aaron Burr, it seems, is coming into *public life* again. He is a witness in a case for perjury, instituted at his instance against a colored woman named Maria Williams.

Graham, the moonshine lecturer, favored the inhabitants of Nantucket with a gratuitous dose on Saturday evening last.

TRIAL OF GRAY.
THE COMPANION OF ROBINSON!

We give below the report of the trial of Gray for larceny The offence itself is comparatively nothing, but his connection with Robinson, and his explanation of it renders it of great interest. We have doubts of Robinson also. His salary was only 60 dollars per year. How could he obtain the money to lavish on his criminal pleasures? Every account we receive, only increases the amount of depravity of this young man, and creates fresh regrets that he has been allowed to slip through the hands of retributive justice. Punishment may overtake him yet.

William D. Gray was put upon his trial on an indictment for grand larceny, stealing on the 25th of June, a coat of the value of $23, and a cap of the value of $3,50 from Mr. Bradley Brown, from his room in the boarding house No. 112 Broadway.

Mr. Frederick S. Williams, one of the jurors, before being sworn, asked leave to put a few questions to the accused, for the purpose of ascertaining whether he was the same William D. Gray who last winter boarded at Mr Beach's in Greenwich street, as, if he was, he did not wish to be on the jury. The Court gave him leave, and Gray replied to him that he did board at the place stated last winter. Mr. Williams, was then by request, excused from serving on the jury, and he stated to several persons that Gray, whilst boarding at the place referred to, obtained from his store $20 worth of china by false pretences.

The cost of the coat was but $22,50 in London, but the duties would have made its cost here exceed $25, which was several dollars less than its actual worth. The coat was found the day after the theft, by officer Brink, at Simpson's pawn shop; and Mr. Simpson fully recognized the prisoner as the person who pawned the coat, with several other articles, for $11, about 12 o'clock of the day after it was stolen. On the closing of the evidence, Mr. Thompson, his counsel, stated that Gray wished to address the court and jury in his own defence; and having obtained leave to do so, he read, from several sheets of closely written paper, a long and very minute and plausible detail of his having become acquainted, on the day he was discharged at the last term, with a genteel young man named Dodge, whom he associated with until the day of his arrest, and for whom he pledged at Simpson's, the clothing he was now charged with stealing.

After pawning the things, they drank together several times, and he became somewhat intoxicated; and Dodge took him to a room at the Washington Hotel, which Dodge said was occupied by a friend of his, named Crane, and where, after exchanging a shirt and hat with Dodge, he laid down and slept till dusk. On leaving the room, he put into his hat, mistaking it for his handkerchief which he left in the room, the napkin belonging to Mr. Ward which was found upon him when arrested. His head being still confused by the remaining effects of the liquor, and being unacquainted with the localities of the house he had some difficulties in finding his way out; and a servant having observed and reported him to Mr. Ward, he was arrested on suspicion, and the pledge ticket which has brought him into difficulty, found in his pocket.

He also went into an explanation of his connexion with Robinson; and we are induced, in consideration of the great public interest still felt in every thing connected with that unparalleled miscreant, to give that portion of his defence entire, as he read it. It was as follows:

'It may not be ill-timed for me to mention here some of the circumstances that have occasioned the coupling of my name with that of RICHARD P. ROBINSON, and very unjustly too, in several of the papers, and at several times in this city. The contents of my pockets on the evening of my arrest, consisted chiefly of notes from him, that were privily conducted to me by the servant that carried to us our meals during our imprisonment. It is not my object at present to say any thing that will tend to make additions to the pangs that must wring his bosom; but as a duty I owe to myself, in my present peculiar situation, I must *measurably* reveal, for the purpose of removing the prejudice that may exist in the minds of the jury in consequence of the publicity given, of the intimacy, friendship and companionship, in various papers, as said to have existed between him and myself.—Richard P. Robinson and me were never more intimate than any of the remaining boarders in the same house, for it will be understood that I boarded for near 16 months in the same house with him, at No. 81 Maiden Lane when I first came to the city. We left this boarding house, but not together, and a few weeks afterwards, in company, took the room in which he was found at the time of his arrest, at 42 Dey street. Here I remained but a very few weeks, (say two or three) and then our intercourse entirely ended, and I had not seen him, to speak with him, for nearly two months before his arrest. It was reported at various times, that the cloak worn by the person who committed the murder in Thomas street was mine, or had been mine, which was altogether false; and this I could prove in twenty minutes to the satisfaction of every mind, were it requisite.—These circumstances, in connexion with our recent correspondence whilst in prison, which was first proposed by him (or at least by a *friend of his who had been paying him a visit*, and afterwards called upon me) has induced many to believe that our intimacy was of the closest order. My communications to him were of such a nature as I should be willing to open for the perusal of all, without the fear of any pronouncing them as characteristic of depravity in the writer, or even any thing that any thing that may have a bearing that way. My object in preserving his notes, or at least as many as I did (*for those which I destroyed were unfit for the eye of any one*) was to have them in keeping as memories of unequalled hardihood in one who, *as I viewed the case*, had nothing short of a shameful, awful death before him. The propositions and suggestions contained in those notes are those of Richard P. Robinson, and should not be placed to my account. The contents of one of them, I am under the impression was misunderstood, perhaps by all who may have had the reading of it. This was the one in which he states he would 'render me all the assistance in his power, in case he got cleared.' This referred only to money matters, and not to what was conjectured, at least by a few who put a misconstruction on it. His right meaning was conveyed to me verbally, and I think in the presence of John A. Morrill, Esq., who was present when Robinson paid me a visit at Bellevue on the morning after his discharge, at which time he told me that 'any thing that was in his power to do for me he was willing to do, to get me out of prison, as he was sorry to see me there.

I have now said more than I at first intended relative to my connexion with Robinson, and I truly hope sufficient to convince this jury that it was my *misfortune*, as well as that of many other young men in a similar situation with myself, to be placed within the sphere of his acquaintance—as it is plainly observable that those like myself only, [i. e. who were his acquaintances] had to meet the blush and bear the shame of testifying in his case, while [there were] numbers, that charity for their seniority (or perhaps purses) swayed their evidence, (which no doubt was weighty) altogether out of the question.'

Gray having concluded his defence, the Court charged the Jury that they were bound by their oaths to find a verdict according to the evidence; that it was a clear and well established principle of law, the disregard of which would incalculably pervert the course and ends of justice, that the person found in possession of stolen goods, unless he can give a reasonable account of the manner in which he came in possession of them, must be adjudged the thief; and that no such account appearing amongst the testimony, they were clearly bound to convict the prisoner. The jury, without hesitation, found a verdict of guilty; and the Court remarked to Gray that he had broken the heart of his father, a most respectable man in the state of Ohio; and had by his course of profligacy and vice driven from him numerous most able citizens of this city, who would, under other circumstances, have stood by and sustained him in time of difficulty.

There were two other indictments against Gray, for petit larceny, which Mr Phenix stated to the court, he should not proceed to try at present; to which the court replied that it could not consent to a nol. pros. being entered on them. Mr Phenix replied that such was not his intention, his purpose was merely to defer the trial—to which the court assented.

ROBINSON.—The serious attention of the press is now being directed to the proceedings at the trial of this young man, and to subsequent developments of his character. We have deprecated any accusation of improper views against the Jury who pronounced upon his guilt, for all reasoning men would, according to the law *and the evidence*, have decided in the same way. In the absence of all further proof as known to us, we were surprised also at the conduct of some of the New York press in still charging him with the commission of the murder. They spoke of 'astonishing disclosures' about to be made, and we considered this language only intended to excite public attention with no definite end.

But astonishing disclosures have indeed been made, revealing him to have been a monster of profligacy—a fiend in human shape—young in years, old in guilt. He corresponded with Gray, whose cloak he wore on the night of the murder, while both were in prison, and offered if Gray wished to get rid of his wife, to seduce her, and be a witness of the crim. con. against her! This is authenticated. We have hesitated to spread such a blasting report until it was authenticated. It must now be believed.

What does the whole transaction prove?—That *talent* and above all MONEY, can overcome justice and propriety. That our courts of justice, if the criminal have *respectable appearances*, and wealth, can be turned into a shameful farce. That the solemnity of a trial may be only a mockery of God and truth, and crime riot unrestrained.

Now we ask, Where is Robinson? Why is he not seized and tried for *arson*? Let defeated justice be restored to her supremacy, and this monster of crime be punished. Let the *gentlemen* who were in the den of infamy on that night, who were, through *compassion* for them, (perversion of language!) kept out of the way, be brought forward. The voice of an outraged community calls for such a course.

At Exeter, N. H., on the 4th instant, as some young men were playing shoot with a pistol, it went off at half cock, lodging its contents in the head of one of them, 20 years of age, who survived but a few hours.

We learn that Mr Benjamin Wheeler of this city, supposing himself alluded to in one of the sketches in the Boston Pearl, has sought the advice of the lawyers.

NOBLE COURAGE AND MELANCHOLY DEATH. The following account of the death of OLWIN J. TRASK, and of the manner in which he obtained his mortal wound is extremely interesting, not only because it exhibits extreme courage but also because Mr. Trask was the son of an esteemed citizen in this vicinity, and was himself well known to a large circle of friends. His class mates in the University will remember well his kind and cheerful disposition, and his other endearing qualities; and they will hardly be able to realize that their spirited companion whom they parted with but a few short months ago, has joined in the bloody fight, cut his way through fearful odds, and wounded and without proper aid, has gone down to the grave in a foreign land. So passes the drama of life. We cannot search into the dreaming future—we know not the events of the coming moment—and the being who may be marking out for himself a calm and placid life, may be whirled into the vortex of excitement, a partaker in the wildest scenes, or die in the strength of his years.

Died, at Galveston Island, Texas, OLWIN J. TRASK, youngest son of Hon. Israel Trask, of Gloucester, Mass. aged 21 years. Mr. T. went to Texas in the pursuit of business, and to visit some connexions resident there, when he was induced, by the natural impulse of his own generous feelings, to offer his services to the Commander-in-Chief, as a Volunteer in a Regiment of Dragoons.

On the 20th of April, the day preceding the great battle of Jacinto, he was one of the 80, under Col. Shearman, who made an attack on the part of the Mexican Army, when he received a mortal wound. The following extract of a letter from New Orleans, furnishes some interesting particulars. The writer says—'I called on Gen. Houston yesterday, to ascertain particulars relative to Olwyn J. Trask; he says that he lies dangerously wounded at the Fort at Galveston Island. His thigh was broken in a charge made by 80 of our cavalry, on about 250 Mexicans, on the 20th of April, in which he behaved most gallantly. He fell from his horse when the ball struck him, but was almost instantly seen again supporting himself on one leg by his horse, and had the satisfaction to kill the man who shot him. This was confirmed by one of the Aids of General H. then present, who remarked that he was in a position to see the whole of it. He said that after Olwyn had laid the man dead at his feet, he sprang on his horse again, in the midst of the enemy's Cavalry, (his own Corps having retired) and immediately urging him to his utmost speed, cutting his way through the ranks, and brandishing his sword at every thing that opposed him, when, as the Aid remarked, they seemed to open for him to pass, and he entered the camp with his leg swinging like the pendulum of a clock.'

He died on the 2d of June, forty-three days after he had received his wound, and was buried with all the honors that could have been paid to the Commander-in chief; all the troops were under arms, and the Officers of the Navy joined in the procession, and minute guns were fired during its progress to the place of burial.

We sincerely sympathise with the connections and friends of the subject of this melancholy narrative. He was amiable, affectionate, and this painful record will faithfully attest that he was 'bravest among the brave.'

Justice requires us to say, that it is among the most painful of their regrets, that the friends of Mr. Trask are apprised that his life was evidently sacrificed to either the negligence or culpable want of surgical, or medical aid.—*Atlas.*

FREE LABOR IN DEMAND AT THE SOUTH. The New Orleans Bee requests Eastern Editors to confer a favor on society, and recommend *emigrants* to go to the south, where there are various railroads and canals contemplated or in progress in the southern States which are unfortunately deferred or delayed for want of laborers and mechanics. In Louisiana alone, not less than 20,000 emigrants could gain constant and well-paid employment—in the construction of twelve railroads, embracing about 1000 miles: and four or five canals, nearly 300 miles.

FANEUIL HALL VEGETABLE MARKET.—Green Peas, 1,00 to 1,50 per bushel. Turnips, 8 to 12 cts. per bunch. Cucumbers 1s to 1s6 each. Lettuce, 3 to 4 cts. per head. Radishes. 3 to 4 cts. per bunch. Onions, 6 to 8 cts. per bunch. Rhubarb, 4 to 5 cts. per lb. Asparagus, 4 to 6 cts. per bunch. Carrots, scarce. New Potatoes, $3,00 per bushel.

FRUIT.—Strawberries, 1s6 to 3s9 per box. Cherries, 1s to 2s3 per qt. Gooseberries, 9d per qt. Currants, 8 to 12 cts. per qt. Fine Peaches at Toombs' Stall No. 98, from 3s to 4s6 each. Grapes at Hill's Stall 1,25 per lb.—*N. E. Farmer.*

BREACH OF PROMISE. H case of some interest to staid bachelors and merry damsels, was lately tried before the Court of Common Pleas at Cincinnati. Solomon Menkin, on old bachelor of forty-five, was mulcted in damages to the tune of *six thousand dollars*, for refusing to marry Frances Wyatt, after he had voluntarily pledged his word to do the same. Miss Wyatt is a pretty maiden of about sixteen years of age—sister-in-law to the defendant—and a resident in the same family. The defendant was supposed to be worth $30,000. A new trial has been ordered on the round of excessive damages.

Agricultural and Horticultural advice gratis. If you would ruin your crops—employ a *transient, strolling professed* Gardener—it seldom fails.

If you would have every thing done as it should not be, and nothing done as it should be—employ a *professed wisetalking* Gardener.

If you would have a man on your premises, requiring a longer time to teach him how to do a thing, than it would require for the thing itself to grow—be sure to employ a professed Gardener who comes to you upon his own recommendation

If you like the society of one, who would devote his time to command you, and who is unwilling to obey any command you may give him—employ a *professed Gardener*.

The citizens of Hartford, Con, celebrated the fourth in fine style. A standard was presented to the Light Guards of that city on that day.

☞ Sea sickness to some persons is horrible. An old man on his death bed was asked if he had ever committed any great enormity which he would wish to divulge, now that his end was approaching. 'Yes,' said he, 'I have; I once took a trip by water, when I could as well have gone by land.'

MUNICIPAL. The Common Council met at half past 7 o'clock last evening. The order which was laid upon the table at the last regular meeting of the board, relative to the disposition and sale of the land in connection with the School House on Tremont street, was called up, read, debated, and again laid upon the table. A communication was received from the Auditor, and read—informing the City Council that the appropriation of $50,000 granted for the purpose of widening and extending streets, including the cost of widening Tremont street, the last year, had been entirely expended. Mr. Williams thereupon submitted an order that the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars be added to the appropriation for widening and extending streets, which, with the communication, was referred to the committee on Finance.

A communication was received from the Auditor, stating that considerable expenditure had been incurred for the purpose of instituting a survey in relation to the introduction of soft water into the city, upon which Mr. Harris submitted the following order, which was read, and, with the communication, referred to the committee on Finance.

Ordered, That the sum of Four Thousand Dollars be appropriated for the purpose of defraying the expenses of a survey in relation to the introduction of soft water into the City, and of making the requisite plans, and printing the same for the use of the City Council; and that the same be withdrawn from the reserved fund.

The following resolution passed:

Resolved, That the assent of the City Council of the City of Boston be, and is hereby given and declared to 'An Act to incorporate the Boston Hydraulic Company,' passed by the Legislature of this Commonwealth, on the 10th day of April last.—*Merc. Jour.*

The U. S. Ship Warren at Pensacola, from a cruise in the Gulf of Mexico, reports that the yellow fever is raging at Vera Cruz and Tampico.

STEAMBOAT BURNT. We learn from the Cincinnati Whig of the 14th inst. that the steam-boat Sampson, took fire about 50 miles below the mouth of the Ohio river, on her passage up, at half past 9 o'clock, P. M. of Tuesday the 28th ult., and burnt to the water's edge. Great loss was sustained in goods and money, but no lives known with certainty, to be lost, although many were obliged to jump overboard to save themselves. The boat was run on shore, and the passengers soon rescued from their disagreeable situation by the Teche, now lying at the wharf. The officers are mentioned to have behaved with praise-worthy coolness and steadiness of purpose in the midst of danger.

According to Briggs, the clothing store of B. F. Roberts in Merrimack street, caught fire yesterday morning between 3 and 4 o'clock; cause unknown—damage to stock and shop considerable. The alarm was not general.

The New York Transcript says that an actor by the name of Barton, at the Bowery, having undertaken a part which in the estimation of the audience he was unable to perform (it was Othello) they unceremoniously hissed him off, and called Hamblin on to play the part.

Mr Cushing of Massachusetts is allowed by all to be one of the most sound and eloquent men in the House of Representatives. He is listened to with great attention.

The Old South Church and Society have unanimously invited the Rev. Mr Blagden, of the Salem street church, to become their pastor.

The first steam packet to cross the Atlantic will be completed in October.

Eggs have been found in the centre of a wall near the lake Maggiore, in Italy, where they have been preserved *three hundred years.*

Indiana has been a State twenty years, and in that time its population has increased from 60,000 to 600,000.

A new ship called the Oxford, intended for a Liverpool Packet was launched in New York on Thursday.

FIRES IN NEW YORK!—Three fires occurred in New York on Thursday night, by which a large amount of property was destroyed—the work of incendiaries. We regret extremely to find that Dearborn, the enterprising publisher, has had his stock entirely consumed.

FIRE.—About 10 o'clock, last night, a fire was discovered in the Methodist Church, John street. On opening the doors several of the benches were found to be in flames, and from beneath one near the pulpit, a miserable looking fellow was dragged forth. In the course of a few minutes the fire was entirely extinguished. The floor was strewed with chips and shavings, and there is no doubt that the fire was the work of an incendiary.

The man who was discovered beneath the bench was taken to the watch-house, and being questioned, gave his name as John Patrick Kelley, and stated that he was a printer, just arrived from Philadelphia. He held in his hand a cross, which he entreated might be left in his possession. On searching him, several papers of no value were found, together with a number of Catholic tracts He denied having set fire to the church, and stated that his object in going there was to say his prayers. His manner, which may have been assumed, was that of an insane man.

Another.—The alarm bells had scarcely done ringing for the first, before a second fire was discovered in Gold street. This was also beyond doubt the work of incendiaries, as the flames were seen to burst out at the same moment from the stable belonging to Mr Brown, of the Franklin Coffee House, Maiden Lane, and the basement of Mr Dearborn's publishing establishment, both of which, together with the work shop of Mr Bloomer, packing case maker, and another stable, belonging to some person, whose name is unknown, were entirely destroyed. We are apprehensive that the loss will be very serious, as not a single article could be saved from the premises of Mr Dearborn, so rapid was the progress of the flames.

The following individuals were tenants of the warehouse of Mr D.—

Second story—Messrs Pell & Brother, type-founders.
Third story—Scatchard & Adams, printers.
Fourth story—Fenwick & Flora, book-binders.
And the upper story was Pell's type foundry.

After the lower story was enveloped in flames, an individual who lodged in the fifth was awoke, and finding it impossible to escape by the stairs, got out of the window, and saved his life by sliding down the water pipe into the street.

A Third.—During the conflagration in Gold street, several engines were ordered off to a fire which broke out in the carpenter's shop of Mr Lawall, 190 Franklin street, and which in the course of a short time extended to the following houses, which were entirely destroyed.

192 Franklin street, occupied by P. Vallegrand.
188, Tenanted by J. H. Garnes, H. Simpern, and a colored family.
186, Occupied by Mrs. Foster, Mr. De Noyes and colored family.
194, The Grocery store of D. E. Ruckel.
493, Greenwich street, a chandler's shop and two houses in the rear, one of them the work-shop of Mr. Martin, shoemaker.—*N. Y. Cou. & Enq.*

SOUTH BOSTON.—We took our walking stick on Thursday afternoon, for our own assistance, and the edification o the Post, and took a trip to South Boston to see the new Hotel, which we were assured would repay us for our trouble.—We had not been in South Boston for some months, and the improvements which have been made there and are now in progress, struck us with astonishment. Formerly, South Boston was synonymous in the minds of many with a mud hole, and every thing unpleasant. It cannot be so now. It is a little city of itself—a very important addendum to Boston. The houses which have been erected, and the inequalities of the surface which have been reduced, have developed the advantages of the place, and now it has become a delightful spot for a residence. Broadway, which extends through its centre over Mount Washington, is one of the most beautiful streets we ever saw. Neat and commodious dwellings have been built within a few years, we may say months, on each side, the hollows wherein the mud used to gather have been filled up, the hill reduced to a gradual ascent, and the appearance of every thing has been altered. To those of our citizens who from a prejudice against the place, have not for a long time visited it, we recommend a trip for curiosity's sake—and they will confess their astonishment.

The Mount Washington House is near the summit of the elevation from which it takes its name,and is a noble structure. You enter it by a broad flight of steps, beneath a handsome portico. Its construction in regard to entries is somewhat similar to the Tremont, with, if any thing, more conveniences. The dining room for gentlemen is large and airy, that for the ladies neat and commodious. The parlors on the first floor are all that could be wished for comfort, beauty and convenience, while the glorious uninterrupted view from all parts of the house gives every apartment a peculiar charm. Ascending the second flight, we find a beautiful dancing hall, finely proportioned and finished in a style of great elegance. The parlors and bed rooms on this floor are equal to those below, and the increased beauty of the prospect compensates for the height. So may we say of the third and fourth stories, until we come to the cupola, from which the entire horizon bursts upon the view. The city, the harbor, the villages, the hills and the woods, all contribute to form a panorama, while for variety and magnificence may be put in comparison with the most boasted scenes.

The house has every possible convenience, and is furnished in a manner amounting to luxury. We are not surprised to hear that the rooms were being fast taken up, by boarders anxious to secure accommodations in such a place of comfort. We feel confident that the enterprising lessee, Mr Ford, will meet with the success which so advantageous a situation must afford.

The wind seems again to have become fixed in the East—and mist and rain and cold and dampness and chills and colds and coughs and sickness and surliness and growling and glancings at the vanes, and shrugging of the shoulders are its effects.

Joseph Jewell is now being tried in New York for the murder of Leuba, and the reports take up a large portion of some of the papers of that city. The trial has no particular interest for Bostonians.

Jim Henry has been captured and hostilities with the Creeks are suspended. The war is probably at an end.

Curtis Laws, stabler, was tried yesterday at the Municipal Court for obtaining goods on false pretences.

Louis Phillipe, the king of the French, it is said, intends to cross the channel and visit England. The New York Transcript remarks that Gen. Jackson had better accept the invitation of King William at the same time, and the news of the meeting would make quite a sensation at St. Petersburg.

The officers of the army in Florida have shown much discontent, and many, it is said, have resigned.

Signor Blitz is at Buffalo, conveying the impression to all old women that he is the Old Nick himself.

A man by the name of Jacob Baker, aged 50, of Brush Creek township, Pa,shot himself in the woods. The cause assigned was that he was a member of a religious society.

A Mr. John Clegg, of Philadelphia, has offered a reward of $250, for the apprehension of the murderer of Mr. Clark lately. The authorities of Philadelphia refused to offer any reward.

We are informed that the front of a house in Richmond street, the 2d on the left from Ann street, fell in, early Friday morning, leaving the inmates completely exposed to the weather. It was a house of ill fame.

A man called William Pawling, of St. Catharine, U. C. fell into a ditch on the 7th inst. while intoxicated and was suffocated.

The people of St. Helena, Arkansas, have 'sworn off' from all gambling, and given warning to all blackleg tenants of the town to remove their effects and themselves instanter.

The New York Times and Transcript are out upon the profligate and truly censurable course of Bennett, of the New York Herald.

Another version of the death of Davy Crockett is abroad, viz.: that he was slain by the officers of Santa Anna, transfixing him with their swords after he had yielded himself a prisoner.

Hamblin, the manager of the Bowery, New York, has advertised Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert as engaged to perform at his theatre the coming season. We are not disposed to lose favorites so easily. Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert will be at the Tremont the ensuing winter, ready to delight the audiences there as usual. Mr. G. was for sometime in treaty with Hamblin, but that gentleman's conduct respecting the affair was so very singular,that Mr. G. considered himself under no obligations to join him and accordingly closed with Mr. Barry.

FIRE. A fire was discovered on board the ship Emerald, lying at Roosevelt wharf in New York, on Wednesday morning, which destroyed 100 bales of cotton. She was bound for Liverpool.

Major Norton is in New York, still confident of the success of Texas.

The New York Transcript, a paper friendly to Wood the singer, says—

AN EXPECTED DISCLOSURE.—We learn from a highly respectable gentleman, who is in the secrets of the green room, that a disclosure will soon be made in reference to the *real* origin of the Wood row at the Park theatre, which will astound many persons in this city, and sadly confound some, who now think themselves very secure and safe from public indignation.

Burke, the English boxer, and McLean, a boxer of Philadelphia, are, it is said, to have a set-to in earnest, somewhere between Philadelphia and New York. We hope the authorities may be able to ferret them out and prevent so disgraceful a contest—disgraceful not only to the parties concerned, and the betters upon their success, but to the spot where they hold the battle.

Some of the papers are publishing Robinson's letters to Gray; but as the most important parts are filled up by stars, we do not think it necessary to publish them. Some great denouement may yet be expected.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by RevMr Taylor, Horatio K. Clark to Mary C. Bonnot.

By the Rev Mr Streeter, Edward F. Knowlton, of Hamilton, to Amanda Saunders, of Boston.

In this city, David R. Myrick, of Nantucket, to Mary Caswell.

By Rev Mr Hague, Henry B. Withington, of firm of Withington & Collins, to Mary Colburn.

In this city, Hiram Calef to Eliza Ann White, both of this city.

By the Rev Mr Streeter, Barnard Sawyer to Miss Amanda Tilley.

At Dorchester, Abel P. Baker to Hannah L. Davenport, both of D.

At Brookline, Wm Robinson, of Malden, to Elizabeth B. Tufts, of Boston.

At Towanda, Pa, Julius Waters, aged 16 to Mrs Rosina Whiskey, aged 84.

At City Point, James L. Bunn to Hester T. Dye, of Prince George.

At Deerfield, Ezra P Downing, of this city, to Grace B Robinson, of D.

At Bridgewater, Thomas T Washburn Esq, of Orono, Me, to Marcia Perkins.

At New Haven, John S Davenport of New York, to Elizabeth S Leveret.

At Weymouth, Charles Tirrell to Mary I. D. Cleverly.

At Mendon, Wm H Hunting to Rhoda A P Fuller, both of Medway.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs Judith S. Hastings 33, wife of Capt Joseph Hastings.

On 13th inst, Col Ethan Cobb 36.

Moses Short 54, formerly of Newburyport.

Joseph Smart 32, formerly of Sandbornton, N. H.

In this city, on the 7th inst, Capt Stephen Blood, of Carlisle, 66.

On the 7th inst, of consumption, Charlotte Augusta Doolittle, 16.

Yesterday, Moses Short 54.

At Dorchester, Clarissa H. daughter of Hon Henry Gardner, 25.

At Plymouth, Rev Hersey H. Goodwin, 30.

At Salem, Sarah E. daughter of James Gavett, of Boston, aged 5 yrs; Rebecca, wife of the late Hubbard Oliver, 91.

At Royalton, Gen Franklin Gregory, a much respected and enterprising merchant of that place, 44.

At Harvard, Mass, Eliza, wife of John Fay, 44.

At Dover, N H, Dr Geo W Kittridge 36.

At Wrentham, Luther Fisher 38.

At Salem, Mrs [illegible], wife of Dr [illegible] 39.

At Gull Prarie, Michigan, May 30, Rev Levi White 65, for 30 years Pastor of the church in Sandisfield, Mass.

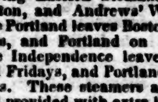
At Dracut, Miss Pamela Frye 21.

At Utica, N Y, 4th inst, Abigail Louisa Smith Johnson 36, wife of A. B. Johnson and neice of Ex-President John Quincy Adams.

At Edgartown, Egbert Benson, son of Silas S. Kempton, 23 months.

At Claremont, N H, Miss Harriet Breck 53.

At Hudson, Ohio, Professor Jarvis Gregg, of the Western Reserve College. The same paper which announced his marriage records his death.



EASTERN STEAM BOAT MAIL LINE, for Portland, Bath, Hollowell, Bangor, Eastport, and St. John's, New Brunswick.

The PORTLAND, 450 tons, Capt Jabez Howes.
INDEPENDENCE, 500 do. " Tho's Howes.
McDONOUGH, 300 tons do. " Andrew Brown.
BANGOR, 400 do. " S. H. Howes.
ROYAL TAR, 400 do. " Reed.

The splendid Steamers Portland and Independence, will run every night, Sundays excepted, between Boston and Portland—eaving Eastern Steamboat Wharf, foot of Hannover street, Boston, and Andrews' Wharf, Portland, at 7 o'clock, P. M—The Portland leaves Boston on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, and Portland on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. The Independence leaves Boston on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and Portland on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. These steamers are expressly adapted for sea a route, and provided with extra boats and life preservers.

The superior Steamer McDonough has been put in perfect order, improved in model and speed, and will run daily between Portland and Hallowell, touching at Bath and Gardner—will leave Portland after the arrival of the Boston Boats, at 8 o'clock A. M., on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, and Hallowell on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 9 o'clock, A. M.; connecting with the Night Boats for Boston.

The favorite Steamer Bangor will run as a Day Boat between Portland and Bangor, touching at Owl's Head, Saturday Cove, Bucksport, Frankfort and Hampden, she will leave Portland on Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 6 o'clock, A. M., immediately after the arrival of the Boston Boat, and Bangor, Tuesdays and Fridays, at 5 o'clock, A. M., connecting with the night boats for Boston; she is furnished with a Fire Engine, Life Preservers, Cork Mattrasses and four Boats. One half the Portland and Independence will be reserved for the passengers from the Penobscot, and ample accommodation reserved for those from the Kennebec.

The new and superior Steamer Royal Tar, will run weekly etween Portland and St. John's, N. B., touching at Eastport. She will leave Portland on Fridays, after the arrival of the Portland from Boston, and St. John's on Wednesday afternoon, in season to place her passengers in the Independence on Thursday evening. The McDonough and Royal Tar commence their trips from and after May 8.

Fare from Boston to Portland, $3;
" " Boston to Bath, $3 50;
" " Boston to Hallowell, $4;
" " Portland to Bangor, $4;
" " Portland to Eastport, $6;
" " Portland to St. John's, $8;

Deck passengers, at reduced fare.
Freight received every day for the above ports.

☞The Proprietors of the Boats, however, will not be responsible for any Bank Bills, Notes, Drafts, Packages, Trunks, or other articles of value, unless the value is disclosed, a proportionable price paid, and a written receipt taken therefor, signed by the Captain or Clerk.

*,*All baggage at the sole risk of the owners thereof

Apply to I. W. GOODRICH, Agent, No 56 Washington-st., orat the Eastern Steamboat Wharf. may 24

STATIONARY.

MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street, have just imported a general assortment of French and English Stationary. They offer Cutlery, Paper, Wafers, Sealing Wax, Bronze Ware, Seals, (with names, mottoes and designs) &c. &c, at the lowest prices, wholesale or retail. Persons in want of the above articles, are respectfully invited to call and examine for themselves. 1m june 27

THE BOSTON PEARL AND LITERARY GAZETTE.

THE sixth volume was commenced on the first day of June, 1836. The work is under the editorial charge of ISAAC C. PRAY JR, and H. HASTINGS WELD, and is published, distributed and mailed to subscribers every Wednesday evening. Original and selected Tales, Essays, Translations, Travelling, Literary and Historical Sketches, Biography, Poetry, Satire, Criticisms, News, and all subjects embraced within Belle Lettres literature come within its province. Unwearied exertions are made to disseminate truth on every proper and important subject by watchfulness, deliberation and industry. The experience of its editors, it is hoped, will be a sufficient surety to the patrons of the work and the public generally, that a family newspaper will be constituted at once entertaining in its character, manly in its progress, and worthy of extended circulation and favor. The editors, convinced that personal regard rather than justice to many matters too often dictates opinions, will ever endeavor to do strict justice to whatever may come under their cognizance Criticism, especially, will be based upon the principles of sound taste, and it must not be supposed that either favor induce praise or enmity poises the lance in an attack. Indeed, from the determination to give credit where it is due, and to expose errors where they are apparent, the impartiality will be visible and shield from any implication of dishonest motives.

So far as the mechanical portion of the work is concerned, the publisher pledges himself to gratify the eye by white paper, clear impressions, and systematic method. To our advertising patrons we shall always do evenhanded justice by uniformity and plainness, allowing at no time engraved heads to give undue conspicuousness to any advertisement.

TERMS.—Three Dollars per annum, to be paid invariably in advance. Postmasters or other persons, by sending fifteen dollars will be credited with six yearly subscriptions.

Publishers of papers who receive invitations from the publication office to copy the above prospectus will alone be entitled to an exchange. ISAAC C. PRAY, JR.
june 24 tf

PROSPECTUS OF THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

THE GALAXY has been published eighteen years. The Nineteenth Volume will commence with the coming year, and be conducted by

HENRY F. HARRINGTON,
Assisted by several popular and well known authors.

The columns of the paper will be mostly filled with STERLING ORIGINAL ARTICLES:

Of which, Tales, Poetry and Essays—Notices of New Publications, and of the Times—Sketches of Foreign and Domestic Character and Scenery—Biographical Notices of Eminent Individuals, and Letters from Correspondents, etc, will form prominent features.

The Publishers will endeavor as far as practicable to support American Literature and Characters—to sustain a manly and unyielding criticism on Literature, Men and Manners, and the Drama, without regard to friends or foes—to exercise a surveillance over all matters of local interest by exposing all nuisances and abuse to the public weal, and to handle Quackery under its various garbs, without gloves. This course, a rapid and continued accession of subscribers has already proved eminenently popular and successful, the Galaxy promising soon to possess a larger list, than any weekly paper in this State. Determined therefore, still more to merit support and in furtherance of a promise that the paper should increase in literary merit as it gained in public favor, the Publishers have engaged correspondents in several parts of our own country and in Europe.

TERMS: The GALAXY is published every Saturday at THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE. Postmasters or others, forwarding twelve dollars shall receive Five papers or a reasonable commission HARRINGTON & CO,
may 24. 32 Congress-st. Boston.

ACCOUNT BOOKS, &C.

JOHN MARSH, No 77 Washington street, Joy's Building, has on hand a prime assortment of Account Books in Russia and Russet Binding, with patent spring backs. Also, a variety of smaller Account, Memorandum and Writing Books, Notes and Bills, Note and Receipt Books—Trunk Books or Banker's Cases, Portfolios, Manifold Letter Writer, &c.

English satin surface Letter and Note Paper, Foliopost and thin do, for the copying press—black and red Ink, Japan do—sealing Wax, Wafers, with a large assortment of the most approved Metallic Pens.

Account Books furnished to order. Cards and Blank printed at short notice.

UMBRELLAS.

RICH Italian Silk, Gro de Nap and Gingham Umbrellas, fo sale by the case or single, at KIMBALL'S, 12 Washington street. may 23

PRINTING PRESSES.

ORDERS for Tufts's power and hand Printing Presses received by J. G. ROGERS, 39 Congress street. A variety of new and second hand Presses constantly on hand as above, and all articles connected with Printing furnished at short notice.
may 30

TO BUILDERS AND CONTRACTORS.

THE 'MAINE QUARRYING ASSOCIATION,' incorporated with a capital of 350,000 dollars, are prepared to execute orders for any dimensions and quantity of Granite from the Kennebunkport, United States Quarry. Application may be made to *John Neal, Daniel Winslow, Franklin Tinkham* at Portland—*Moses Kimball* at Boston—*Thomas Cocks & Co.* at New York, or to *John Kingsbury*, at the Quarry. tf may 24

SALES BY AUCTION.

By J. M. ALLEN, Office corner of Milk and Congress sts

PARTICULAR AUCTION NOTICE.
Boston Horse and Carriage Mart.

The City Authorities having assigned the large and very commodious Square, known as the Hay Market, at the junction of Union, Haverhill and Merrimack streets, for the especial purpose, the subscriber gives notice, that he will continue to hold regular sales of HORSES, CARRIAGES, &c, *every Saturday*, at the above named place. Very particular attention will be paid to the sale of any articles in this line of business. Liberal advances and quick settlements made.
j25 6w J. M. ALLEN.

ADDITIONAL NOTICE.

The Subscriber gives additional notice, that he has taken the large store in Union street, in the building formerly occupied by the 'Caravan,' which has been completely fitted up for a Depository. He is now ready to receive Carriages, Harnesses, &c, on Storage, for either public or private sale.
J. M. ALLEN

House Lots by Auction in Roxbury.

To be sold by auction, on WEDNESDAY, the 20th of July next, at 4 o'clock P. M. on the premises,

About 35,000 feet of Land near Mount Pleasant, on the Warren farm. This land will be sold in one lot, or divided to accommodate purchasers. The site is not surpassed,as it respects beauty and extent of prospect, by any local position in the vicinity of Borton. The sale will be positive, and the terms liberal.

JUST RECEIVED

BY JOHN H. GRUSH, 251 Washington street, a good assortment of Shell and Horn Combs.

Also, English Dressing and Ivory Combs; French and English Hair and Clothes Brushes; Pocket Books; Card Cases; Chinese Gammon and Chess Boards; Tea Caddies; Steel, Ivory and Ebony Screw Cushings; Inlaid Shell and Scotch Snuffboxes; Cigar Cases; Plaques; Silver Pencil Cases; Toothpicks; Thimbles; Scissors; Razors; Knives; Ivory Fans; Teethbrushes; German, French and American Cologne and other perfumeries.

Also, a few cases India Toys; Baskets; Fans and a variety of Fancy Goods too numerous to mention.
jy 15 6—htf

DR. WILLIAM INGALLS JR.
ROOM AT
NO. 8 SOMERSET PLACE.
jy 13 b—3m

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber would inform his friends and the public, that he has taken Store No. 251 Washington street, where may be found an assortment of Combs, Perfumery and Fancy Goods
june 3 epem JOHN H GRUSH.

PRINTING PRESS FOR SALE.

A LARGE size WASHINGTON PRINTING PRESS is for sale at this office. It is now in use, and specimens of work done on it can be seen. tf June 4

TO THE TRAVELLING PUBLIC.

FOR sale at *MARSH'S*, 77 Washington street, Joy's Building, opposite the City Hall—a very fine assortment of Stationary, designed for the convenience of the Travelling public, among which are elegant Rosewood and Mahogany Writing Desks, some with the Dressing Case combined—Leather Writing Desks—Roll up Writing Cases—Rosewood and Mahogany Dressing Cases, furnished and plain—very portable and convenient Morocco Dressing Cases—secure Inkstands—Pocket do—Portfolios, with and without locks.

Also, Dyer's Patent Manifold Letter Writer, for the purpose of writing two or three letters at one impression and without ink, a very desirable article, and put up in a portable form for journeying.

Also, a very superior stock of the finest English and French Stationary—Perfumery—Fancy Morocco Work, &c, &c, with a variety of Rich Fancy Articles, adapted for presents.

☞Strangers visiting the city are respectfully invited to call.
jy 11 6wis

PATENT MANIFOLD LETTER WRITER.

DYER'S MANIFOLD LETTER WRITER, calculated for writing *two or three* copies at one impression, is far superior to the copying Press, and continues to give general satisfaction; besides its utility and economy for the Counting House. It is the best and most convenient and safe writing apparatus for persons travelling, being put up in a very portable form for that purpose. A fresh supply just manufactured, and for sale at *MARSH'S*, 77 Washington street. june 8

CHESS MEN.

THIS Day received and for sale at *MARSH'S*, 77 Washington street, (Joy's Building) a fresh supply of English *Chess Men*, large and small sizes; a further supply of Pastorelli & Co.'s London warranted *Thermometers* in boxwood and japanned cases; a few quires only of the celebrated improved *Tracing Paper*, designed for drafting and copying plans; *Drawing Instruments; Transparent Wafers; Mouth Glue, &c. &c.* june 8

SOAP! SOAP! SOAP!

PALMER, JONES & BLAKE, No 44 Hanover street, offer for sale the following variety of Fancy Soaps from different Manufactories in Europe and the United States—viz: Old Naples, Old Windsor, Saponacious Compound, Kendall & Low's, White and Brown Windsor, Price and Gosnell's, Vegetable, Almond Paste, and Cream Soap for Shaving; Palm Oil, Olive Oil, Otto of Rose, Amber-musk, Fine Rose, Camphor, Jessamine, Lemon, Bergamot, Almond, French Almond, Oxygenated, double and treble scented Windsor, Chemical Tablet, Castile and Soda Soap, Sultana, Superfine French, and Old Venetian Soap. Also, Vestimental and Oil Soap, for cleansing cloth, and Chlorine Soap, a new article for whitening muslin. tf j 15

CAPT. BACK'S NARRATIVE

OF a Journey to the Shores of the Arctic Sea in 1833 & 1834, with a Map.

North American Review for July, 1836. Just received by *OTIS, BROADERS & CO.*
147 Washington-st.

AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF GEOGRAPHY.

CAREY, LEA & CO. will publish, by Subscription. It will comprise a complete description of the Earth, physical, statistical, commercial and political. By Hugh Murray, F.R.S.E.; assisted in Astronomy, &c, by Prof. Wallace; Botany, &c, by Prof. Hooker; Geology, &c, by Prof. Jameson; Zoology, &c, W. Swansey. Illustrated by *eighty-two Maps*, and about *eleven hundred Engravings on wood*. Revised, corrected and brought down to the present period by S. G. Bradford. Subscriptions at JORDAN'S, 121 Washington-st, where specimens may be seen. j 2

LINEN COLLARS AND BOSOMS.

KIMBALL, 12 Washington street, is constantly supplied with all qualities of Collars and Bosoms of the latest fashion—Wholesale or retail. may 23

GLOVE STORE.

GENTLEMEN'S Gloves, of superior quality and of every description, for sale by *JOHN S. KIMBALL*, at the Gentlemen's Furnishing Store, sign of the Golden Stock, No 70 Washington street (Joy's building.)

N. B.—Constantly on hand, a large assortment of Shirts, Collars, Bosoms, Stocks, Suspenders, Undershirts and Drawers Pocket and Neck Handkerchiefs (ready hemmed,) Sheets, Pillow cases, &c &c. may 30

A. S. JORDAN,

SIGN of 'Original' Golden Comb, No 2 Milk street, opposite the Old South, has on hand every variety of wrought and plain Shell Combs, of his own manufacture, including low top or cap, round, neck and side combs. Also, HornCombs of every description—all of which he is selling at reduced prices

He repairs every kind of Wrought or Plain Combs in superior stile, by cementing or riveting, and and at the lowest prices.

All kinds of Combs made to oader. The highest prices paid or shell. 3m may 24

RODGERS'S PENKNIVES.

A BEAUTIFUL assortment of real Rodgers & Sons' patent Penknives, of very rich quality. Also, a supply of very fine and high finished Razors, with every article of the 'finest touch' for the gentleman's toilet. For sale by JOHN MARSH. No 77 Washington street, Joy's Building.

OIL CLOTHS.

OIL Cloths, of every width, constantly for sale by *DAVID KIMBALL*, 8 Washington-st, near the Old Market, Boston.
may 25 tf

MONTHLY JOURNAL OF FASHIONS,

ADORNED with colored engravings—shipped from France a week before they are published there—with a variety of original and selected matter, regularly supplied at JORDAN'S 121 Washington street, at $6 per annum, or 50 cts the single No
june 23

DR. S. C. HEWETT,

BONE SETTER, 297 Washington street, Practitioner on Diseases of Joints and Limbs in general, would respectfully inform the public that he can be seen at all times, at his rooms, between the hours of 7 A. M. and 2 P. M. Dr H. would mention that the law is repealed which debars him from collecting his bills, and that he will make charges against his patients as heretofore. For the last year, finding some patients disposed to take advantage of this law, he has adopted the practice of receiving his pay for each visit, when given. In no case would he be understood to let his charges stand on his books for merely one visit or advice, except they be protracted. His charges in no case will exceed $1.50 per visit. People in low circumstances will be liberally considered.

Patients who cannot call on Dr H. at his Rooms, he will call on them at their residence. june 1

CHEMICAL EMBROCATION.

DR. WHITWELL'S TRUE AND ORIGINAL OPODELDOC. Tests of the only true kind:

1st. See that the certificate of the late Dr Mitchell, L.L.D, of the city of New York, is on the inside direction paper.

2nd. That my name is stamped on the bottle.

3d. That the retail price is not less than 37 1-2 cents a bottle; all others are but base fabrications.

The above may be considered as infallible in bruises, sprains, rheumatism, stings of insects, vegetable poisons, cramps, etc, etc, etc; in a word, in all cases of external injury.

TO COUNTRY TRADERS. Dealers in Medicine purchasing this article at the fountain head and at wholesale prices, will find more profit on the sales than on any of the imitations, besides having the satisfaction of selling to their customers the genuine article.

Sold by the principal druggists in the United States, who also keep for sale the VOLATILE AROMATIC SNUFF, for many years celebrated in cases of cartarrh, headache, dizziness, dimness of eyesight, drowsiness, lowness of spirits, hypochondria, nervous weakness, etc. It is most fragrant and grateful to the smell, being composed principally from roots and aromatic herbs. It is absolutely necessary for those who watch with, or visit the sick, being an excellent prevention of contagion. Recommended by Dr Waterhouse, late Professor of the Theory and Practice of Physic in Harvard University. Price 50c and 25c.

☞Apply to the Druggist Store, corner of Milk and Bath, opposite Pearl street. tf j1

NEW BOOKS.

SILLIMAN'S Journal of Science and Arts, No. 61, for July, 1836.

Foster's re-print of Edinburgh Review, for April, 1836.

Family Magazine, No. 112. Received at
JORDAN'S Per. Agency,
jy 15 121 Washington-st.

JOB PRINTING,
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
NEATLY AND PROMPTLY EXECUTED BY
MARDEN & CO.
(SUCCESSORS TO CONDON & CO.)
No. 32, Congress Street, (at the Herald Office,) Boston.

MR. PADDON,
NO. 220 WASHINGTON STREET.
may 24

SELECTED POETRY.

AUGUST.

BY WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

'The quiet August noon has come;
A slumberous silence fills the sky.
The winds are still—the trees are dumb—
In glassy sleep the waters lie.'—*Bryant.*

Dust on thy mantle! dust,
Bright Summer on thy livery of green!
A tarnish, as of rust,
Dimmeth thy brilliant sheen:
And thy young glories—leaf, and bud, and flower—
Change cometh over them with every hour.

Thee hath the August sun
Looked on with hot, and fierce, and brassy face:
And still and lazily run,
Scarce whispering in their pace,
The half-dried rivulets, that lately sent
A shout of gladness up, as on they went.

Flame-like, the long mid-day—
With not so much of sweet air as hath stirred
The down upon the spray,
Where rests the panting bird,
Dozing away the hot and tedious noon,
With fitful twitter, sadly out of tune.

Seeds in the sultry air,
And gossamer web-work on the sleeping trees!
E'en the tall pines, that rear
Their plumes to catch the breeze,
The slightest breeze from the unfruitful West,
Partakes the general languor, and deep rest.

Happy, as man may be,
Stretch'd on his back, in homely bean-vine bower,
While the voluptuous bee
Robs each surrounding flower,
And prattling childhood clambers o'er his breast,
The husbandman enjoys his noon-day rest.

Against the hazy sky,
Motionless rests the thin and fleecy cloud,
[illegible] such have met thine eye,
And such thy canvas crowd!
And, Painter, ere it from thy easel goes,
With the sky's light, and shade, and warmth, it glows.

Thy pencil, too, can give
Form to the glowing images that throng
The Poet's brain, and live
Forever, in his song.
Glory awaits thee, gifted one! and Fame
High in Art's temple shall inscribe thy name.

Soberly, in the shade,
Repose the patient cow and toil-worn ox;
Or in the shoal stream wade,
Sheltered by jutting rocks:
The fleecy flock, fly-scourged and restless, rush
Madly from fence to fence, from bush to bush.

Slow now, along the plain,
Creeps the cool shade, and on the meadow's edge,
The kine are forth again,
The bird flits in the hedge;
Now in the molten west sinks the hot sun.
Welcome, mild Eve! the sultry day is done.

Pleasantly comest thou,
Dew of the evening, to the crisped up grass;
And the curled corn-blades bow,
As the light breezes pass,
That their parched lips may feel thee, and expand,
Thou sweet reviver of the fevered land.

So, to the thirsting soul,
Cometh the dew of the Almighty's love;
And the scathed heart, made whole,
Turneth in joy above,
To where the spirit freely may expand,
And rove, untrammel'd in that 'better land.'

THE SONG OF NIGHT.

BY MRS HEMANS.

'Oh night,
And storm, and darkness! ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength!—*Byron.*

I come to thee, O earth!
With all my gifts—for every flower, sweet dew
In bell, and urn, and chalice, to renew
The glory of its birth.

Not one which glimmering lies
Far amidst folding hills, or forest leaves,
But through its veins of beauty, so receives
A spirit of fresh dyes.

I come with every star;
Making thy streams, that on their noonday track,
Give but the moss, the reed, the lily back,
Mirrors of worlds afar.

I come with peace; I shed
Sleep through thy woodwalks, o'er the honey bee,
The lark's triumphant voice, the fawn's young glee,
The hyacinth's meek head.

On my own heart I lay
The weary babe; and sealing with a breath
Its eyes of love, send fairy dreams beneath
The shadowing lids to play.

I come with mightier things!
Who calls me silent? I have many tones—
The dark skies thrill with low, mysterious moans
Borne on my sweeping wings.

I waft them not alone
From the deep organ of the forest shades,
Or buried streams unheard amidst their glades,
The mantle of its rest.

But in the human breast,
A thousand still small voices I awake,
Strong in their sweetness, from their soul to shake
The mantle of its rest.

I bring them from the past:
From true hearts broken, gentle spirits torn,
From crush'd affections, which, though long o'erborne,
Make their tones heard at last.

I bring them from the tomb:
O'er the sad couch of late repentant love
They pass—though low as murmurs of a dove—
Like trumpets through the gloom.

I come with all my train:
Who calls me lonely? Hosts around me tread,
The intensely bright—the beautiful—the dead—
Phantoms of heart and brain.

Looks from departed eyes—
These are my lightnings—filled with anguish vain,
Or tenderness too piercing to sustain,
They smite with agonies.

I, that with soft control,
Shut the dim violet, hush the woodland's song;
I am the avenging one, the armed, the strong,
The searcher of the soul!

I, that shower dewy light
Through slumbering leaves, bring storms, the tempest-birth,
Of memory, thought, remorse; Be holy, earth,
I am the solemn night!

MISCELLANY.

BROOKS'S LETTERS.—NO LXIV.

THINGS IN FERRARA AND BOLOGNA.

BOLOGNA, Oct. 2, 1835.

'Bologna sausages' were the embodiment of my idea of Bologna, before I looked into its streets and its history; but as I do not find all the people living upon sausages as I expected, I am again led to amuse myself with the reflection of—how different almost always is the *reality* of a city or a place from the phantasy I have previously formed of it from imperfect reading, or imperfect observation! For example, in Dublin I expected to find Irishmen and Irishwomen such as we see them in America; but the men were among the most accomplished of the men of the British empire, and the women among the fairest and most beautiful. They did not at all resemble the American herdes by which I had judged the Irish people. Again, I do not know how it is, or from what prejudice I have hitherto located the chief talents of a Frenchman in his legs, and in his capacity for curling the hair, making the nation one of dancers and barbers, considering all other, of which there are so many cases, as exceptions from the general rule, when the truth turns out to be that barbers are not half so numerous in France as in America, and dancing masters not more common in proportion to the population. But Bologna has much more in it than its sausages,—and of that more I will speak anon, as I regularly bring up my Journal from the banks of the muddy Po.

I got over the Po at last,—but the fleas followed me, confound them, and they thicken the farther you advance into Italy this season of the year. The keys of St. Peter were put upon my passport at last. The men of the Dogana let me part in peace. My ill luck is forgotten, and now I am in motion, I am in better humor, though the cholera has shut me out from Florence and from Tuscany for the present, and driven me, I am sure I cannot tell where, but all along the shores of the Adriatic, far down by the base of the Appenines. No matter where I go, however, if there is no stop put to the going, for the cholera is sufferable, but an Italian quarantine is the most afflicting of all inventions. I got over the Po then, as I have said, and a little ride of three or four miles brought me to Ferrara. Even here stood as sentinels at the gates, the white coated troops of Austria—here, even in the Dominions of the Church! The Po, I thought, was the boundary of the mighty Austrian empire,—the Court on the Danube I fancied would be content with the line of the Po; but Austrian eagles have crossed even that, and hold the garrison of Ferrara. I demanded of a Roman priest with whom I was riding, what that meant, but the only answer he gave me was a wise look and a French shrug of the shoulders, conveying the hint that he had nothing to do with the *bodies* of men, their *souls* being his only concern. I entered the gate of Ferrara, but I found the city to be mighty only in its dissolution. Fields are within the far extended walls. The very grass was growing in the streets. There seemed to be a city in the distance, but it was far from being the city, the home of Ariosto that he so apostrophizes, and eulogizes, and vaunts of as the boast of all Italia. But Ferrara had an interest for me more absorbing than that of an appetite beauty. It is one of those places that genius has made historical. Even the present sadness of its streets comports with its story. The city where was the dungeon of Tasso—could it flourish? The castle, where the tyrant Alfonso dwelt—could it be else than sad and gloomy? The place where the wild fancies of an Ariosto had their birth—should it look like the land of the living, and be sprightly and gay?

As in prose, Robinson Crusoe is commonly the first book that is given to a boy to teach him to love to read, so Ariosto's Orlando Furioso is often given for a like reason to teach him a love for poetry or rhythm. I had my lesson in my day—and as the curious inventions of both make an impression upon all young minds amounting to a belief, so did I religiously believe the truth of what I read in the Orlando, and even to this day, I cannot quite forget that it is fiction. But after I had seen from a wider and larger observation of the world that there were no such beings as Ariosto describes, I set my fancy to work to draw a picture of the land and the home where the writer of such fictions dwelt. The solemn air of Ferrara, its long and spacious streets so silent and solitary, answer partly for my picture. The half barbarous structure, Gothic and Saracen, of the Ducal Castello, full of towers and dungeons, with a moat all around,—full of stagnant and green water, seemed a fit place for such wild conceptions. Here was acted the dreadful tragedy that Byron describes in his Poem of Parisina. Here were the halls in which the gloomy spirit of Calvin found a refuge, and here too were the dungeons in which his followers perished.—Tasso was sent from thence to a mad house, and Ariosto himself was deserted there, amid the splendors of the court. The sumptuous domes overhead seemed to be the courts of pleasure, and the frightful dungeons underneath, the very precincts of the damned. The graces might dwell on high, and the demons underneath. The plain over which the eye could range looked like the fair abode of man, but the mass of building cut off from the plain by the moat deep with water, showed that the tenants there had no sympathies with men elsewhere. As are the Alpine hills then, the home and the nursery of wild romance and song, so is even this little Alp of brick and mortar upon an Italian plain. Crowd it with the knights of the middle ages, people it with the 'lady loves' of an Italian clime, adorn it with the luxurious pomp and wealth that Italy has even now, and doubly had in by-gone times, and here then was enough of the inspiration of the place to inflame a cooler mind than that of Ariosto.

A host of ragged, amusing fellows beset us the moment we sallied forth from our hotel, offering us all manner of service, no matter what might be demanded, and having no idea of the meaning of the word 'no.' Cicerone, valet, domestics, vetturinos—each and all, they were at our service. Wherever we went, they went too, and the colder we looked, the louder they talked. A stray traveller is in fact for them a God send, like a wreck upon the Jersey coast, where they will plunder and plunder well, unless he is as keen as a Yankee pedlar. We enlisted the whole cavalcade at last. Our retinue was as large as that of a little Prince, the difference only being that our livery men were in black with a white under-ground; or in other words, white cotton rags peeping through woolen rags, while a Prince's livery men may be clothed in white broad cloths and red trimmings. Be this as it may, we had our sport with them. Quite a commotion we made in the lonely streets of Ferrara. They took us into many churches, and bowed us in, and bowed us out, lifting the curtains at the door here, pointing out the fine paintings there—even beggars have an enthusiasm for paintings in Italy,—dodging before this altar, and kneeling before that cross, now using the holy water, now responding to the priests; but as our retinue interested me more than the churches, I can recall little or nothing that I say. They took us to the Library or the Lyceum, and consigned us to the care of its custodiant. There we saw many books, and some richly colored copies, made by monks, of the Psalms; but all this vanishes from the mind before the ink stand and worm eaten chair of Ariosto. Plunderers have picked with the worms, so many little *morceaux* of this chair, that the custodiant watched us well when we looked at it. If we had been never so much disposed to steal our *morceau*, the attempt would have been in vain. The mausoleum of Ariosto in white marble, is also seen in this library. The sacred ashes of this poet were transfered in 1801, during the existence of the short-lived Italian republic, under the auspices of the French, from the Convent of the Benedictines to the Hall of the Library. A curious location indeed it is for a mausoleum, but why not a fit one for a poet and a scholar? The monuments of the mighty dead who ever live in books, are in one sense in all the libraries of the world. The mausoleum is but a feeble tribute in comparison with his own Orlando, but it is the highest man can pay, the most stimulating, perhaps; and here it stands in the Museum of the Library, the theatre of his glory. We saw also here the original manuscripts of the Orlando, and the Jerusalem, with autograph letters both of Ariosto and Tasso. The bust of Ariosto is on his own tomb. A portrait of him is seen in the vestibule on a painting of Benedetto his friend, where in a Paradise he is represented as between St Catherine and St Sebastian—thus because Ariosto had said—'Put me in your Paradise, because I cannot so easily get into any other.'

From the library, we went to the cell where Tasso was sent by the tyrant Duke of Ferrara, under the pretence that he was a madman. The dimensions of this cell are about nine paces long, between five and six wide, and about seven feet high. No man has ever yet been able to tell what was the motive of the tyrant in thus incarcerating the immortal poet, though many motives have been assigned. A hospital the building now is.—The door we entered, after ascending a little flight of steps, led us into the large chamber, where upon rows of little beds were lying the unhappy victims of disease, suffering under different degrees of pain. I found the keeper there, and retreated with him as soon as possible from this receptacle of misery. He took a flambeau into his hand, and after conducting us through some narrow passages, led us into a little yard high walled and dark, where, after opening the double doors, once ponderous, but now worm-eaten and shattered, he showed us this cell of Tasso. But a single grated window let in a doubtful light,—and here in this damp, dismal, and slimy cell, was a spirit like Tasso's confined, and condemned to the most horrible of miseries for seven years andtwo months! I read the numerous inscriptions all over the walls. The greatest names of the world almost, have there left the records of their visits. The keeper showed me that of Byron, and that of my own countryman Cooper too, and I felt not a little pride in the manner in which he linked them together. For though Cooper is not a Byron, and has written more useless lumber than almost any of the distinguished American writers of the day, yet *sua judice*, no one has written, or can write hundreds of things so well as he has written them. The name was pointed out to me by the keeper, not as to an American, for he knew not that I was one, but as a name considered in his estimation as worthy of a place after Byron's, and as well worth showing among the lion visitors of the present and by-gone times. I begged a morsel of brick as a remembrance of my visit, and mine, I readily saw from the numerous holes that had been made all over the wall, was far, very far from being the first piece that had been taken away—probably to carry to the various ends of the earth.

A visit like this to the cell in which a sovereign confined such a man as Tasso for so many years, is not uninstructive, apart from the feelings it awakens in showing how terribly just is the award of posterity upon high handed acts of power, and even upon all bad actions. The name of the House of Este of Ferrara would hardly be known at all over the civilized world, or at least known only in the misty chronicles of his own race, if by one outrageous act of oppression he had not damned his name to eternal infamy, and made, as Byron has insinuated, the glory of his reign, his everlasting shame. Not a man ever visits the cell of the mighty bard, who does not in his heart curse the memory of the tyrant that sent him there. An immortality he never could have otherwise had, he has thus acquired for himself; but by it, his character is forever stamped with the deepest colors of infamy—a plague spot on his history, and he is remembered just as the pestilence is, for the mischief and havoc it spreads. And in witnessing the pride of all classes here—that Ariosto and Tasso were of their city, I could not but recall the difference between the tributes they, the living paid to genius, and those paid by their fathers, the dead. Ariosto and Tasso when living, were neglected and almost forgotten men, but now when dead, what offerings they have! How thick their crowd of votaries! With what exultation the Ferrarese show the house of the one, and with what sad regret the cell of the other! But this neglect of living intellect, this transfer of its honors to the future, this sorrow and exultation years after death, is not the fate of genius in Italy alone. It is its history all over the world, and in all of its ages and eras.

Ferrara is not a city to detain the traveller long. Its air is now unhealthy—its water unfit to drink, and its population not remarkably inviting. The tracks of grandeur are alone upon its streets. It is a city of the past, not the present. It serves as a vestibule for the magnificent history and that magnificent past, that awaits the traveller as he is entering Italy with his foot toward the fallen Forum and the falling Collisseum. A half a day was full enough to see all that I have described, and though past 3 o'clock in the afternoon, my companion and myself resolved to set off for Bologna in a little gig, with a little ragged driver, upon one as they tell me here, of the most dangerous roads in Italy, 'full of robbers and thieves,' they say it is, and so very dangerous that the inhabitants of Ferrara and Bologna or the Vetterrino never pass it in the night. However I saw nothing, though the route near Bologna between nine and ten o'clock did seem a little suspicious. Not a carriage did we meet after dark, hardly a light could we mark in the houses on the road, till about ten o'clock we reached the walls of Bologna, and on giving a little fee were admitted into the gate. The country through which we passed was flat, and seemed to be rich, and abundantly productive. The road almost all the way paved with stones, as are the streets of Boston or New York. At a place called Malalbergo, we stopped awhile to feed our horse, and here as keeper of the inn, we found an old soldier of Napoleon's, who had followed him in his disastrous campaign to Moscow.

Arrived at Bologna, it being late, we stopped at a Hotel, and entering, as is now our constant custom, we demanded the price of the lodgings. The price demanded was a scudo each, a piece of money just the value of our dollar—the Roman currency is the same as ours only with different names for the pieces of silver and gold. Not a word was said in reply. We ordered our baggage down again. The Landlord asked, what we would give. Not a word did we answer. He followed after us, begging for an offer, but finding we had none to make fell down in his price to three Pauls each, just thirty cents of our money, when seeing that this was only about five cents more than the just price, we ordered the baggage up stairs again. Into the room he came soon after with four large wax candles, which we politely told him to take out again,—for the bill next morning for them, as we did not choose to bargain for candles, would have been in all probability only a dollar or more. Common candles soon replaced his candles of wax,—and we went on calmly then. The next morning by seven o'clock, there was a tap at my door, and a valet de Place entered, apologizing and bowing, but offering for little or nothing in broken English, but tolerable French, to act as our Cicerone of the place. We bade him good morning, and told him we would see to that when we were awake. But no sooner was I in bed again, than there was another tap. 'Come in,' I cried, and as the door opened and one fellow entered, I marked a whole string of others, forming a line to take turns to enter, among whom was one making all sorts of contortions in the form of winks, giving me a hint, as I afterwards translated it, not to make a bargain with the first till I had a talk with him. 'I am a Vetturino-man,' said the first. 'I will take you to Florence with excellent horses, and very cheap.' 'But there is cholera in Tuscany,—my good friend,' I said, 'and a quarantine when you want to get out again into the Roman States.' 'Oh no,' he said, and he swore to his veracity by all the heads of the saints.—But I found out that he himself was from Florence, and if he could get travellers to carry there, he cared not how many lies he told to get them. I discussed matters with the whole train, but sent them away without making a bargain that time, for such a lying, cheating set of knaves were they, that they would swear black was white to get you on the route where they belonged, and so many prices did they have, that there was no divining what was the just one. Our landlord soon entered, and he told us the price of his breakfast without a demand. I felt this as a compliment to our sagacity as travellers in Italy, as it seemed he had given up the idea of fleecing us as the Italians do the English speaking people in general. A bargain was next struck with our valet, who was to show us the city. We sallied forth with him for the *Academia delle belle arti*. A whole host of Verturino men were in our train; our cavalcade was quite as long as that in Ferrara. I asked the valet what it was necessary to give as a fee for entering the Academia. He told me twice as much as was usual,—and the first conversation he had with the doorkeeper was a quarrel in Italian for one half the sum we were to give, as he boldly told him that he had signified to us double the sum necessary in order to pocket half himself. We said not a word. We looked at the pictures, and listened to the conversation which seemed to threaten to terminate in a serious quarrel, the doorkeeper claiming all, and the valet insisting on his share of the spoil. When we went out, we paid half the sum ordered by the valet. The valet followed us a little way, and then ran back to get his share of the spoil. The quarrel broke out again more furiously than ever. We went back to amuse ourselves in listening to it. The doorkeeper justly said that we had given him no more than was usual. The valet told him that he lied, and intended to cheat him, and that, therefore, he would bring no more travellers there to the *Academia delle belle arti*. We finished the quarrel by letting the valet know, deeply to his confusion, what he had been at, adding that as we now understood him, there would be no further trouble, he apologising that it was the way *he got his living*, seeming only to be sorry that he was found out. A Vetturino man, we soon learnt, had bribed him to sell us to his carriage, and sure he worked hard enough, but we found one who is to take us on our journey for half the price. I have written this paragraph for two purposes,—first, to show how such business is done in Bologna, and the second to put the traveller on his guard. Even a little knowledge of Italian will save a man dollars and dollars.

B.

THE SOUTH.—The news from the South, in reference both to the Indians and the operations of Mexico against Texas, is of the most interesting character. The latest arrivals from Florida, which we have copied to-day, are of the most gloomy description, and calculated to cause great fear and excitement. We are at such a distance from the seat of war that we do not participate in the personal anxiety of our Southern brethren, but we must remember that we are countrymen of the sufferers, and should not suffer cold disregard of their sufferings to destroy our sympathies for them. The Indians are murdering in their path. No matter now what may have caused the war—no matter what diabolic treachery and fraud towards the poor victims of the march of civilization—which they could not encounter, and which has almost swept them away. Their passions are now fully aroused, the inhabitants of Florida are its victims, and the word must now be given forth to stop them in their horrid career, even if extermination be necessary.

News has now arrived from Mexico stating that the government of that country will not abide by any articles of agreement signed by Santa Anna during his imprisonment. The Mexicans have forbidden the departure of all merchant vessels, and the holding of any communication with any vessels of war. The President pro tem, Don Juste Corro, has declared that he will recover Texas, even if the silver of the churches has to be coined into money to carry on the war.—The aspect of affairs is therefore exceedingly interesting.

But what most should fix the attention of the United States, is the threat that the moment Santa Anna is put to death all foreigners shall be massacred. This is evidently directed against the United States through hatred, occasioned by the sympathy she has exhibited for Texas.

The state of things calls for the utmost energy and resolution and activity in our government. The Texans will not submit, for submission is destruction. They cannot successfully resist without the assistance of the United States, and the assistance of our Nation would be the signal for a declaration of war against us by Mexico. We cannot predict what the future will reveal—but we fear a lamentable conflict.

RISE OF WATER OF LAKE ERIE. The Cleveland Daily Gazette states, that the surface of the Lake is several inches higher than usual, and more than two feet higher than it was last fall. Its level is now greater than observed for the last three years. The same phenomenon is observed in Lake Michigan.

THE NEW YORK CORPORATION SQUABBLES.—In consequence of the difficulties in the Board of Aldermen, New York, all the ordinances respecting Omnibuses, Hackney Coaches and Markets, have expired without renewal. Difficulties have already ensued, and a most delightful state of liberty exists. The Journal of Commerce says—

"This is a delightful state for a civilized community. The Butchers and Fishmongers may act as they please; Omnibus drivers may drive as they like. Fresh meat, or tainted meat, may be sold in every part of the city, and no one has authority to prevent it. No fees can be collected, no penalties enforced, and as regards the Forestallers and all that sort of thing, New York is in that happy position, which comes up to the Irishman's idea of a free country, where there are no laws, and every one does what he likes, without any power to prevent or punish him. It is to be hoped, however, that their Honors of the Common Council will at once avail themselves of the power so judiciously restored to them by Mr Ward, and rescue the city from its present anomalous and disgraceful condition.

It was reported that John H. Sherburne, of the Navy, had been striken from the roll for the duel lately fought by him at Washington, with young Key, in which the latter was killed. His father has published a statement contradicting the report, and excusing his son on the ground that he was the challenged party. Now we should like to be informed in what the difference in guilt between the challenger and the challenged consists? The one feeling himself aggrieved by a real or fancied insult, has the temerity in the face of the laws of God and man to desire the opportunity to destroy the life of a fellow creature, and after passion has subsided, and reflection should have convinced him of the guilt of his course, he dares to lift his hand against the life of another. But in what situation stands the challenged party? He has no injury to revenge. He may, perhaps, have given provocation to the challenger, yet he too, without any object, takes deliberate aim in order to destroy another. Where is his excuse? He is a *murderer*, yes, a *murderer*, and nothing can palliate his crime.

We had hoped that the President had done justice to the *true* honor of the Navy by removing Sherburne from it.—But we are mistaken. But let not a false appearance of excuse wipe off the first stain of guilt which covers the destroyer of the life of Key.

The Advocate of Saturday or Friday has a remark respecting Smith the actor, at which we must say we were surprised. It was that his wife would be regretted on parting from the Tremont, but that Smith himself would not be missed. This is contrary to our idea of the estimation in which he is held by the public, in every respect. In the first place, let any one look at the parts which he performs, the multiplicity of business which he goes through. He is on duty every night, frequently in both play and farce. Then look at the style in which he acts. He does nothing badly, a great deal well, much in a superior manner. There are not three men in the United States who can perform in as many different lines so well as Smith—and we fear Mr Barry will not be able to fill his place with one or even two individuals. We don't know what the Advocate means.

Block Houses in the front and rear of the Land Office at Batavia, has been erected. They are well stocked with small arms and artillery. The citizens have generally enrolled themselves, determined to make an example of the next batch of rioters who may attempt any thing against private or public property.

THE OMNIBUSSES. A gentleman of Roxbury informs us that a project is on foot to establish a line of Omnibusses to that place, to be managed under such regulations as shall secure a convenient passage to and fro between the city and Roxbury, and at the same time prevent all disappointments arising from a dependence on the will of a self interested proprietor. The plan is not sufficiently matured to permit us to make a full statement of it, but it will be prepared and ready for subscription for shares in a few days.

We have heard that it has been remarked by some connected with the present line of Hourlies that they have no fear of an opposition, for there are not gentlemen in Roxbury with capital sufficient to establish it. As this is a kind of bragadocio which betrays somewhat of a determination to set the public at defiance, under the feeling that *they must ride*, whatever exactions may be made upon them, it will be doubly advantageous to establish another line through fear of even more exorbitant demands and greater insolence than is now exhibited. We hope one or two *reforms* will be determined on. One to employ a manager who will not be so valiant as to tweak noses, and another to engage *boys* who will not *insult* passengers.

JUSTICE COURT. The suit of Paul Christian against Mr. Manager Barry, for salary, was terminated on Saturday. There was a written engagement between the parties for the theatrical season, each covenanting under penalty of $500, for breach of the contract. In consequence of an insulting assault on Treasurer Crafts, who had ordered him out of the Box Office for speaking opprobiously of Mr. Barry, Christian was discharged from the Orchestra; but, acting under the advice of his counsel—Mr. Park—he continued for some time to tender his services daily, and was regularly refused admittance to the theatre. He then sued for his salary, under his written engagement; but it being proved that he had performed at a concert, at Jamaica Plain, without Mr. Barry's leave, contrary to the express terms of the contract, Mr. Park at once gave up the case, and became non-suited. Had Christian prevailed in his suit of salary, he would also have had a good right of action for the $500, on the covenant; but as the case now stands, Mr. Barry has precisely as good a right of action on the covenant against him, but he does not intend to pursue it.—*Post.*

INDIAN DEPREDATIONS AND MURDERS!—The hopes lately excited, that the Indian wars were approaching to an end, are destroyed. A large body of Indians have escaped from the snares which General Scott laid for them, and are on their way to Florida, destroying every thing in their path. Murder and devastation mark their track. The Macon Messenger has the following painfully interesting account.

A party of Indians, supposed to be about 200, passed thro' Baker county, murdering the inhabitants without regard to age or sex. They were closely pressed by a small company of men of that county, who were too few in number to attack the Indians, or in any way to arrest their work of butchery. They passed down the Chicesawhachee creek, and killed Mr William Jones, his wife, and children. Mrs Jones was found by the side of a fence, with a small child by her side; the child had its head broken, and on the approach of the men opened its eyes, but closed them in death immediately. Joseph Hallowell and several of his children were found dead—his wife and one daughter were shot down while endeavoring to make their escape to a thicket near the house, and were taken up mortally wounded. Mr Nix with all his family were killed, except his wife. John Pagget, his child, and Mrs Hayes, were slain; making 13 dead bodies that had been found before Sunday night. The Indians had with them about 50 horses, and passed on rapidly. None were scalped, though the children were beaten to death with sticks. From the repeated report of their rifles, there is every reason to apprehend that many of the citizens of that county have fallen a prey to these monsters in human shape. The inhabitants of Baker and Lee counties are quitting the country as fast as they can get their families removed. If arms and men are not sent to that part of the country soon to restore confidence, and protect the defenceless inhabitants from the incursions of these savages, there will not be a family left in Lee or Baker counties for the Indians to wreak their vengeance upon.

U. S. SHIP DELAWARE.—The building of this ship was commenced at the Navy Yard at this place in August, 1817. She was launched on the 21st October, 1820. The cost of the hull was $375,735. She has been twice to sea, having completed two cruises in the Mediterranean as the flag-ship of the squadron in that sea, and will probably resume the same station again some time hence. She is one of the largest ships in the world, and is said to spread more canvass, and carry a greater weight of metal than any ship afloat. The length of her spar deck in board, is 203 feet 2 inches. The height of the mainmast from the spar deck to the top of the sky-sail mast, is 203 feet. The length of her fore yard is 96 feet—main yard 107 feet—cross jack yard 80 feet. Her maintopsail contains 1587 yards of canvass, and she spreads in all 15,093 yards. She carries, exclusive of the bow and stern ports, 100 guns, viz: thirty-four long 42 pounders, thirty-two 32 pounders, and thirty-four carronades 42 pounders, weight of one broadside of round shot 1940 pounds. Her draught of water when completed for sea is 28 feet 6 inches, and 24 feet 4 inches forward.—She carries bread and water for five months.—*Portsmouth Times.*

Of the persons who were injured by the collision of the trains on the Providence railroad, four were recently removed to the Hospital in Charlestown, and had so far recovered as to be able to leave in the ship Boston, on Sunday; one has deserted, and two now remain in the hospital—one with a severe fracture upon the thigh, and the other a broken arm.

BEAUTIFUL PHENOMENON.—A correspondent of the Baltimore American asserts that the planet Venus, which is the Evening Star, will continue so until its conjunction with the Sun on the 25th inst., after which it will be the Morning Star. At present, it is much in the same position with respect to our Earth as our new Moon when it is about three days old.

By viewing it through a telescope or good spy glass about 20 minutes after sunset (8 o'clock,) it appears in a crescent form, just like our new Moon, although, to a common observer with the naked eye, it appears round like any other Star. The appearance can only be observed for about ten days longer.

We learn from the Navy Chronicle that the command of the Exploring Expedition has been tendered to Captain Thos. Ap-Catesby Jones, and accepted. The Macedonian, now repairing at Norfolk, will be the principal vessel in the service.

HYDROPHOBIA.—On Saturday afternoon, a young man of respectable connexions residing in Delancy street, named James Riley, who was bit by a mad dog a few weeks since, expired in all the convulsive agonies of confirmed hydrophobia.

REVOLUTIONARY BATTLES.—We believe the following to be a complete list of the principal battles fought during the war of the Revolution, with the exception of a few in the Southern States.—*Schenectady Democrat.*

Battle of Concord, April 19,	1775
Battle of Bunker Hill, June 17,	1775
Battle of Old Hampton, Va., where we took five decked vessels, some time in November,	1775
Battle of the Great Bridge, near Norfolk, Va., Dec. 18,	1775
Battle of Long Island, August 27,	1776
Battle of Fort Washington, Nov. 17,	1776
Battle of Fort Lee, Nov. 19,	1776
Battle of Trenton, when 1000 Hessians were captured, Dec. 26,	1776
Battle of Princeton, Jan. 2,	1777
Battle of Bennington, Aug. 16,	1777
Battle of Brandywine, Sept. 11,	1777
Battle of Germantown, Oct. 4,	1777
Burgoyne's army taken near Saratoga, Oct. 17,	1777
Battle of the Red Banks, Oct. 22,	1777
Battle of Monmouth, June 28,	1778
Battle of Stoney Point, July 15,	1779
Battle of Camden, Aug. 19,	1080
Battle of Cowpens, Jan. 17,	1781
Battle of Guilford, N. C. March 15,	1781
Massacre at Groton, Ct., Sept. 6,	1781
Battle of Eutaw Springs, Sept. 9,	1781
Battle of King's Mountain, Oct. 7,	1781
Cornwallis and his army taken, Oct. 19,	1781

AN ANECDOTE FOR TROLLOPE. A party of ladies and gentlemen passed over on the 4th, from Buffalo to Fort Erie, on the Canada side, where they sat down to a pic nic dinner, and in honor of the day they were celebrating, hoisted 'a bit of striped bunting' on an oar, which they stuck in the sand. The gallant commandant of His Majesty's Fort, was so enraged at the impudence of the party, that he declined an invitation to drink the health of King Andrew with the gentlemen, or King William with the ladies, but took them prisoners, and so kept them until sundown, when he stole from them their boat and compelled them to walk three miles to the Waterloo Ferry—on their way home.—*Transcript.*

MILITARY. The Garrison of Fort Sullivan in the Harbor of Eastport, Me. passed through this city early on Saturday morning under the command of Capt. Childs. They were fine, muscular looking men, and about a hundred in number. They came in the Schooner Boundary, and marched up State street, through Court and Tremont street to the cars. An excellent band accompanied them. A fort on the extreme frontier is thus left defenceless.

A girl, whose mother died aged 79, was asked, what disorder her mother died of. Said she, 'I think Mr Hewes called it in the paper, the *infantile* disease.'

Ignorance likes to make a show. A man in the town of Hopkinton, who daily called his whole household to family devotions, never failed to commence his prayer in the same words, as follows—'O thou all-sufficient, self-sufficient, and insufficient.' His hired men often giggled, but it was imputed to ignorance and passed over.

We are informed that on Saturday evening the locomotives on the Providence track once more met and embraced—but no injury, except to one engineer, was sustained.

A professional gentleman in State street occupies two rooms in two separate buildings, but connected by regular telegraphic signals. Law query—has he two offices, or but one?

There is a terrible war raging between Hall who prepared the Boston fire works and Edge who wanted to prepare them. The New York papers have advertisement after advertisement from them, maligning each other. One calls the other a knave and a jackass, and the other says ditto to the one—and so they have it. We like the suggestion in one of the papers to have a fair match on Boston Common and display some of their best fire works before the citizens and let them decide upon their relative excellence.—It is decidedly the best way to settle the dispute.

A GROGGY MARRIAGE.—At Towanda, Pa., Mr Junius Waters, aged 16, to Mrs. Rosina Whiskey, aged 84. The very best receipt for grog—*fresh* water and *old* whiskey.—*Petersburg Constellation.*

AN OMNIBUS ON FIRE. By some carelessness on the part of a lad attached to one of the Waverly Line of Omnibusses, the interior of the latter was set on fire on Saturday night, whilst going up Broadway, and before the flames could be extinguished (the straw burning with great rapidity) considerable damage was done to the cushions, curtains, &c.

STEAMBOAT ACCIDENT.—An accident, attended with serious consequences, befel the Steamboat NORTH AMERICA, on her passage down from Albany. As the boat was turning an abrupt narrow pass near the Highlands, six miles below West Point, she came in contact with the sloop Revenue; the boom of the sloop went through the side house of the steamer, into the starboard boiler, which occasioned the steam and water to rush out, and caused great confusion on board. On sending a boat from the steamboat to the sloop, it was ascertained that a colored man, John Fredenburgh, had jumped overboard when the shock took place, and was drowned. Another man, named Henry Mull, was scalded. Capt. Lathrop, in order to render every assistance to those on board the sloop, left one of his crew on board her. The sloop was drifting in the tide, in the shade of the mountains with all sails down, and without any light hoisted. The North America was going slowly at the time, and on discovering the sloop immediately stopped. Had she been at her usual speed, the loss of life would probably have been greater.—*N. Y. Jour. Com.*

CRIME.—It has been estimated by some London statician, that there are in that city full five thousand men who would murder a man for the prospect of obtaining a shilling and escaping punishment.

SINGULAR. We mentioned yesterday that a package of money, amounting to $7150 was stolen from the Hartford stage on the 2d inst, belonging to the Windham Conn. Bank, and that the whole of the money had been recovered, with exception of only about $50. We learn from the Providence Courier of this morning, that on Monday Mr. T. R. Lynch of that city, who had been indefatigable in his efforts to detect the thief, received a letter, by mail, without signature, describing an old building in Boston, and informing him of a certain place, under which the money might be found that night before 12 o'clock. The same day, Mr. Williams, the Teller of the Windham Bank, arrived in Providence, and he and Mr. Lynch left for Boston in the Railroad cars at 4 o'clock, and before 9 in the same evening, found the money and checks in the place described in the letter, with the exception of $30. It had been taken out of the box and buried in some rubbish.—*Transcript.*

LOVE AND INSANITY.—A most affecting case is related by Dr. Nevius in his treatise on disorders of the brain. A lady on the point of marriage, whose intended husband usually travelled by the stage coach to visit her, went one day to meet him, and found instead of her lover an old friend, who came to announce to her the tidings of his sudden death. She uttered a scream, and piteously exclaimed, 'he is dead!' But then, all consciousness of the affliction that had befallen her ceased. 'From that fatal moment,' says the author, 'has this unfortunate female daily for fifty years, in all seasons, traversed the distance of a few miles to the spot where she expected her future husband to alight from the coach; and every day she utters in a plaintive tone, 'He is not come yet! I will return to-morrow!'

They are going ahead with the fence for the Common. It will be completed in the more prominent parts before many months.

ROGERS CUTLERY.

JUST received by *MARSH, CAPEN & LYON*, 133 Washington street, a prime assortment of *Rogers* Cutlery, viz:—Knives, Razors and Scissors. 2m June 6

NEW BOOKS.

DOANE'S Surgery: Surgery illustrated, compiled from the works of Cutler, Hind, Velpeau, and Plastes—with 52 plates. By A. Sidney Doane, A.M., M.D.

The Truth: its physical condition and most remarkable phenomena. By W. Mullenger Higgins. It being the seventy-eighth volume of Harper's Family Library.

Frank. By Maria Edgeworth. Complete in one volume.

Map of Texas; with plates of the adjoining states. Compiled by Stephen F. Austin.

Letters descriptive of the Virginia Springs: the roads leading thereto, and the doings thereat. Collected and edited by Peregrine Prolix. With a Map of Virginia.

Notes on the Wisconsin Territory, with a Map by Lieut A. M. Lea, of U. S. Dragoons.

Richardson's New Dictionary of the English Language. The four first numbers received by

j 5 tf MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington st.

NEW MUSIC FROM LONDON.

JUST received by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, a fine assortment of rare Music, most of which has never before been imported into this country. Consisting of Instruction Books for the Pianoforte, Violin, Flute, Guitar, Violoncello, Organ, Wind Instruments, &c; Studies for various Instruments; Sheet Music for Flute Solos and Duets, for the Flute and Piano, and two Flutes and Piano; Songs for the Voice, Flute and Pianoforte; Violin Solos and Duets; Music for the Violin and Pianoforte; Violoncello Solos and Duets; Music for the Violoncello and Pianoforte; Music for the Pianoforte, for the Bugle and the Organ.

Also, Thirteen Favorite Melodies, arranged for a Brass Band, by H. A. Praeger; Eight Pieces, for a Brass Band, composed and arranged by J. R. McFarlan. For sale at 133 Washington-st. june 27 1m

NEW BOOKS

JUST received by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street.

A New Abridgement of *Ainsworth's Dictionary*, English and Latin, for the use of Grammar schools. By John Dymock, LL.D. A new American Edition, with corrections and improvements. By Charles Anthon.

The *Works of Thomas Dick, LL.D.*—four volumes in one, viz The Philosophy of a Future State: The Christian Philosopher The Philosophy of Religion: An Essay on the Improvement of Society; or an Illustration of the advantages arising from a general dissemination of Rational and Scientific information among all ranks.

Sketches of Switzerland, by an American, in two volumes

The American Journal of the Medical Sciences. No 35, for May

Pacha of Many Tales, Japhet in Search of a Father. Cheap uniform edition, only 37 1-2 cts each. may 28

EXTENSIVE SALE AT AUCTION,
OF REAL ESTATE IN THE
VILLAGE OF NIAGARA FALLS.

THE SUBSCRIBERS, having completed the plan and survey of the village of Niagara Falls, will offer a large portion of it for sale at public auction, to be held at the Eagle Hotel near the Falls, on Tuesday the 2d day of August next, and continue from day to day until the whole is disposed of; in lots comprising due proportions of building and water lots or mill seats, the latter of which are already prepared with canals and races, for the immediate erection and operation of hydraulic establishments of any extent or description. The terms of sale will be—one fourth of the purchase money in hand, interest, secured by mortgage on the property.

The fashionable practice of laying out embryo towns and cities in every bay and nook along the lake shores, and at every point of confluence of the large rivers of our country, and selling them by maps, accompanied with flourishing anticipations of their future growth and greatness, is becoming so justly obnoxious to suspicion, not to say ridicule, that we should be deterred from speaking of the property we now offer, in the terms we think it merits, were it not for the general knowledge which pervades every part of the United States, of the situation and peculiar localities of the Niagara Falls. This knowledge cannot have failed to satisfy those who possess it, that the various parts of this extraordinary and splendid position were specially designed by the Creator for the concentration and display of great moral as well as physical power; and will enable them to appreciate the views we are about to offer.

We venture then upon the bold assertion that the country at and around the Falls of Niagara possesses, to a greater extent, the various elements necessary to the useful and profitable employment of labor, and greater capacities for the magnificent display and embellishments of art and the elaborations of science, than any other spot in the United States; in other words, that it combines more of those natural advantages which tend to invite, collect, sustain, and adorn a population than fall to the lot of any city in the civilized world.

Situated in a latitude most favorable to enterprise and energy; occupying the centre of a country of vast extent, and, in proportion to its extent, of unequalled fertility and beauty, to any part of which, it has easy access, by a most extraordinary combination of water and land communications, radiating in every direction; possessing within itself a water power for mechanical purposes, which has no parallel, either in extent, uniformity, or safety—it will enjoy incalculable advantages for commerce as well as manufactures in the immense field which is opened for the collection of raw materials of every species of manufacture, and for distributing, vending, and exchanging its fabrics.

To the north and east, it is now but seven miles to ship navigation at Lewiston, whence there is a continuous navigation to the Atlantic, through Lake Ontario, the Rideau Canal, and the St. Lawrence, in one direction; in another, to New York, by Oswego, the Erie Canal, and the Hudson. To the south and west, it is only one mile and a half distant from a beautiful and safe harbor on the Niagara River, formed by Connor's Island and the American shore, between which, and Black Rock and Buffalo, two daily Steam Boats, as well as other alke vessels, are now plying, and from which a range of ship navigation extends through all the Upper Lakes, connecting itself at various points with the Ohio and Mississippi, by means of the numerous canals and rail roads, ready made, and in progress of construction in that direction. As soon as the contemplated canal around the Falls which will commence at Connor's harbor, and passing thro' the village of Niagara, terminate at Lewiston, shall be accomplished, the ship navigation will be complete. But if this great work be not speedily undertaken, it is the intention of the subscribers to open a ship navigation, requiring no lockage, from Connor's harbor into the centre of the village, a distance of little more than a mile.

We have already an uninterrupted boat navigation to the Hudson through the Niagara River, and the Erie Canal, into which it enters, by a lock, at the mouth of Tonnewanda creek.

Our principal connexions by land will be by three rail roads, which are already far advanced, and will be completed during the present summer. One of them to the north, connecting with the Ontario navigation at Lewiston, a distance of seven miles; another at the east, uniting with the Erie Canal at Lockport, twenty-two miles; and the third to the south, crossing the same canal at Tonnewanda, ten miles and thence proceeding to Black Rock and Buffalo.

The beautiful formation and richness of the grounds at and in the vicinity of the Falls, combined with prospects of unrivalled splendor; and, above all, the proverbial healthfulness of the inhabitants will render this village the summer, and in a short time the permanent, residence of gentlemen of fortune, from every part of the United States. Indeed, a great rush is already making for country seats along the banks of the river, on each side of the Falls. The "Lake Fevers," as they are erroneously called, and other epidemic diseases common to the western country, are scarcely known at the Falls, nor has a single case of the cholera ever occurred there, although it has repeatedly visited and scourged the surrounding towns with which the inhabitants are in constant intercourse. Its extraordinary salubrity is probably owing to the pure and limpid waters of the Niagara, imparting, by their rapid and unceasing motion, elasticity and vigor, as well as a uniform temperature to the atmosphere.

Most of the lands comprised in this village have been in the hands of two of the subscribers for more than thirty years. They were purchased at a period when the whole country was nothing but a wilderness, and at a price which was deemed extravagant in those days, under a persuasion that they embraced the most favorable site on the western waters for the establishment of a large town. The tardiness of its improvements, hitherto, has been cause of surprise to many, and of complaints by some of the want of proper liberality on the part of the proprietors; but it is evident that, until recently, the population and resources of the country have not been such as to justify the expense of undertaking improvements on a scale commensurate with the importance of the position; and they were unwilling to mar its destinies by promiscuous and unrestrained sales of the most valuable portions of it, to persons who had no means to improve them, and the effect of which would have been, to create embarrassments in regard to an enlarged distribution and use of the water power, that could not afterwards be retrieved. Some sales, however, have occasionally been made, but at such detached points as not to interfere with the general arrangement of the water power; and some ten or dozen mills and other hydraulic establishments are now in successful operation.

But the aspect of the western country having, of late, undergone a most important change, they have, since their recent sale to the other subscriber, and in connexion with him, and in addition to other corresponding measures, constructed a new and capacious canal, parallel with the old one, and both of them capable of any required extension, for the accommodation of mills and machinery of any and every description, and which, when erected, will not be crowded, as is usually the case, along the sides of rugged and precipitous banks, exposed to the dangers of flood and ice, but occupy dry and beautiful ground, and exhibiting the appearance of handsome streets, bordered by regular lines of substantial manufactories, and possessing a never failing power at perfect command. Many valuable buildings will be erected, and other improvements made during the present season by the proprietors, while extensive preparations—such as the formation of spacious brick yards, opening of stone and lime quarries, of which there are abundance in the immediate neighborhood, the erection of additional Saw Mills, &c.—are now in progress, for the operations of the next.

We trust that many of the substantial manufacturers of the eastern states will avail themselves of this favorable opportunity to establish themselves at a place, where labor and provisions, as well as most of the raw materials for manufacture are abundant, and cheaper than where they now reside, and where they will find a ready sale, at advanced prices, for all their fabrics.

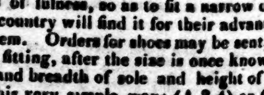
A. PORTER,
P. B. PORTER,
B. RATHBUN.

Niagara Falls, May 4, 1836.

☞ The Albany Argus the New York Courier & Enquirer, the New England Galaxy, at Boston, the United States, Gazette, at Philadelphia, and the National Intelligencer, at Washington, are requested to publish the above advertisement weekly, until the 20th of July, and send their accounts to the subscribers at this place.

Engraved maps of the village may be had of A. H. Cotton, Map Publisher, No. 4, Spruce street, or of Leavitt, Lord & Co. Booksellers, Broad Way, New York—of O. G. Steele, Bookseller, Buffalo, or at this office.

Ready Made Custom Shoes.



JOHN KIMBALL, 2d,

KEEPS on hand and continues to make to order, ladies', misses' and childrens' *SHOES*, of the first quality, manufactured on the French Lasts. The Lasts are systematically arranged; each Last is divided into six or seven sizes of fulness, so as to fit a narrow or full foot. Ladies in the country will find it for their advantage to examine the system. Orders for shoes may be sent, with certainty of their fitting, after the size is once known.

The length and breadth of sole and height of instep are expressed in this very simple way: (A 3-4) or (B 2-4) or (C 2-4). The letter denotes the width of sole—the top figure length of sole—bottom figure, height of instep or fullness of the shoe. When there is no letter, A is understood.

No. 198 *Tremont Street,*
july 4 tf *Six doors from Court Street.*

J. W. CARTER,

DEALER in Wines and Liquors, W. I. Goods, Butter, Cheese, Fruit, Flour, &c. wholesale and retail, Bromfield street, near the Bromfield House.

Bottled Porter, Ale and Cider, at wholesale; Roasted and Ground Coffee.

He also offers for sale a large Spring stock of Refined CIDER, by the barrel or in bottles, as low as it can be bought in the city.

☞ Sent to any part of the city free of expense

AMERICAN QUARTERLY REVIEW,

FOR JUNE. Contents: Pennsylvania History; Physiology and Theology; Riot and Indemnity; The Monarchy of the Middle Classes; Popular Rights and Political Symptoms; Bulwer's Novels; Revised Code of Pennsylvania; English Sonnets; Thacher's History of Plymouth; Our Navy. *JORDAN*, Gen. Per Agent, 121 Washington-st. may 31